



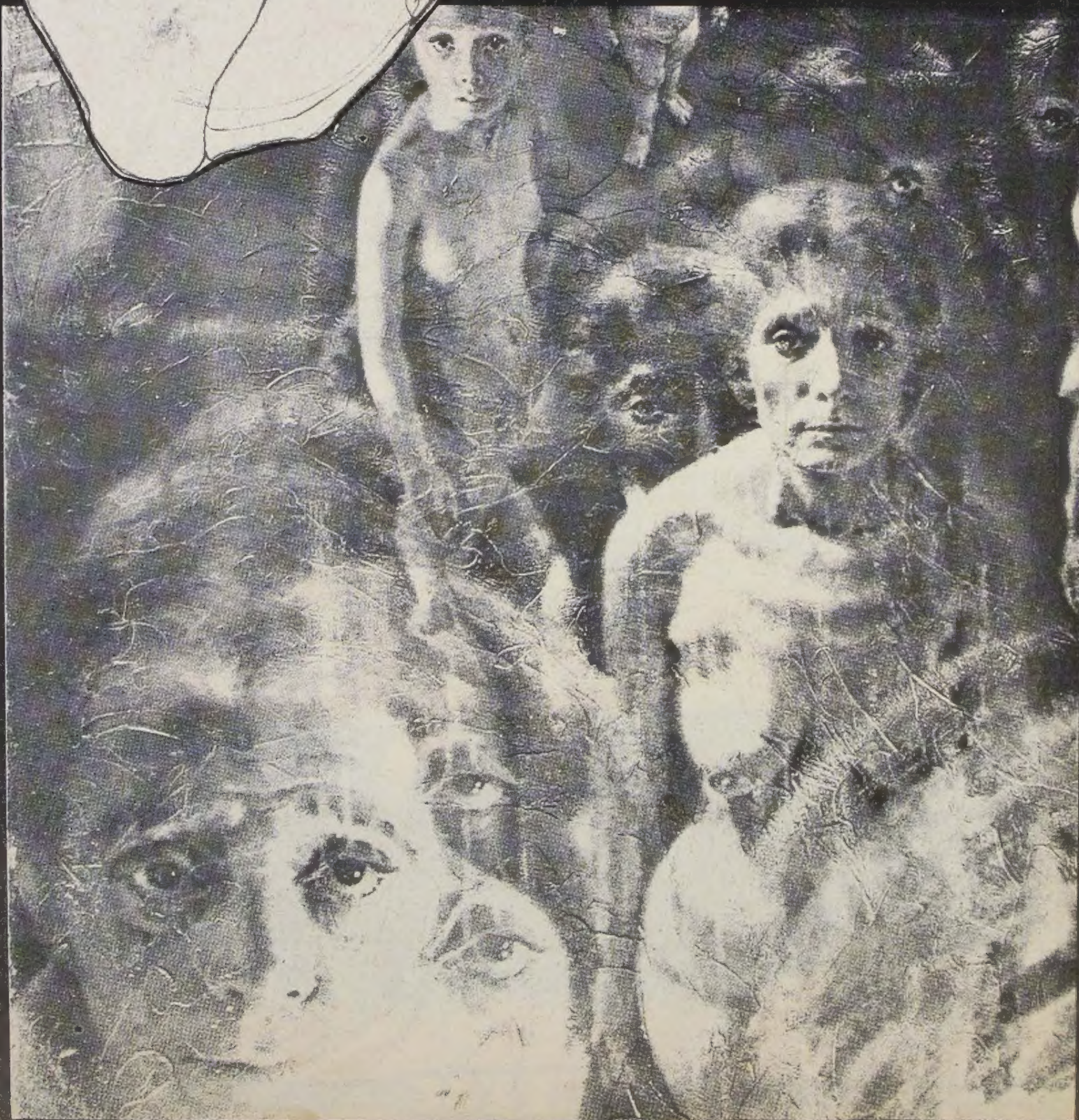


I HAVE DECIDED I DON'T
**WANT
TO
BE
CREMATED
BUT**

PUT IN A WOODEN BOX
**AND IN
THE DIRT**

AND GIVE BIRTH
ALL OVER AGAIN
WHETHER A BLACK IRIS
OR CATERPILLAR
SOFT CREEPING SILENTLY
DEATH WALKS IN
EXPLORING
SEARCHING FOR
EXPANSION
A **SIMPLE** GIVING
OF ME TO YOU

I.A.HAGE



LAST ISSUE out of our own frenzied myopia we made a little mistake. It was not our city father's who were considering the obscenity ordinance we printed in toto, but our county fathers. Our county councilors, with the cool reflection we can only expect from legislators of the public feast, voted it down...until most probably another ordinance is submitted to them which is more to their liking. Here, to exactly aid them in their study, we submit a few reflections of our own.

DEAR COMMISSIONERS AND/OR COUNCILMEN:

This is the quintessential question you will have to consider: WHERE DOES THE OBSENIETY LIE? Or, in the morphology of "LICK" is there any part of the body that can't be? So your's is the problem of setting limits, and that is your first limitation.

Is it that FLESH OFFENDS? A cropped well-fingered pornographic photo comes of looking in its carnality as not unlike a pile of war casualties. Only in pornography and war are bodies indiscriminately mixed. But, of course, in one instance the matter is dead while in the other squirming and viscous. Here we submit that it is the former -- the pile of dead matter -- that is the obscenity. Yet, deathly serious as it is, this pile is still easier "to take". Viewing from a distance an atrocity is an atonement for having had that little desire to live that little bit more than you are normally allowed. Then your eyes bug out and you shiver anxiously. You have paid your little price for some fantastic sin. Or if you cry your crying is for your own maimed body whose convolutions and delicate underturnings are too too much a sign to enjoy the ripe life you have early decided you cannot stand. So in looking at the heap you have dismembered yourself and you can respond with appropriate self-pity. Committeemen how different is the dance of SHIVA: that graceful destruction always with the promise of rebirth or at least nothing. But never any limits that are deathly serious: humorless. So Andy Warhol, shuckster-prince, silk-screened an obscenity: The Electric Chair.

Setting limits is a matter of degree, isn't it? So the "normal" man's dynamic need for novelty will be perpetuated eternally by setting the idea of "limits" in his head. No obscenity without FRUSTRATION. So when the stripper all stripped says to the gogglers "That's all there is boy's; there ain't no more." that is a psychic disaster of the first order. And they'll always be coming back for more. Council members how different is the static cycle of the KAMA-SUTRA always ripely revolving in its own overflowing. Now our local sexual citizenry owns a finely articulated heavy-machinery fetish. And the ghost in the machine is the part the citizen lost and means to recover.

Who owns the eye of this beholding? "Now therefore, BE IT RESOLVED...as used herein, the following definitions shall apply..." "nudity" means the showing of the human male or female genitals, pubic area or buttock with less than a fullopaque covering, or the showing of the female breast with less than a fully opaque cover-

!B WOW!

In an act of righteousness unequalled since the slaves were freed and given two mules and forty acres the Attorney General of the State of Washington and seeker of the office of Governor, John O'Connell has graciously extended Indians the protection and glorious justice of white man's LAW. Now the Indians will be treated the same as white sports fishermen. John O'Connell comes out in favor of Trout Fishing in America. In the Temple of Justice John O'Connell smiles, wipes his pen, casts an egalitarian phrase to the common man and destroys the age-old livelihood of thousands of Washington Indians who want nothing more than to continue getting their groceries out of the Columbia in nets rather than one at a time. Maybe O'Connell will outlaw shopping baskets and carts in the same spirit of equality.

Meanwhile, the Indians were making the Huntley-Brinkley nightly Victory Stomp and Nationwide Colorful Round-Up. Chanting totem curses, invoking the power of the Raven and the Whale, our own Indians converged on the pillared Halls of the Supreme Court of the Land back in Washington D.C. In feathers and funky beaded hats they pounded on the doors yelling "We want Justice" "Open this door...this door has never been open to the Indian." The Door remained silent and closed. No Justice issued forth. The Indians sat on the steps and chanted. Members of the Poor People's March joined in. Some swam in the Fountain of Purity. A few windows were broken in an effort to get a response from the granite building. Soon police came and arrested a few singers and the Indian's Attack on the Covered Wagon was halted by a court order.

OJC SIT-IN

The students who sat in at Olympic College were tried Friday May 31st. The trial lasted from 9 in the morning till 9 at night when the jury brought in the following verdicts. Not guilty of illegal assembly. Guilty of remaining after an order to leave an illegal assembly, and not guilty of disturbing the peace of the school. The guilty verdict is being reviewed by the judge on the basis of whether or not it is possible to be guilty of refusing to leave an assembly that has been found legal. Non students, including the expelled student body president Frosty Adkins, were also found guilty of vagrancy. **THE STUDENTS NEED MONEY FOR COURT COSTS AND LAWYER FEES. DONATIONS MAY BE SENT TO O. C. STUDENT DEFENSE FUND, STAR RT. 1 BOX 876, BREMERTON WASH' 98310.**

TIMES WALKOUT

Twelve New York Times reporters, have threatened to quit because of their paper's treatment of the Columbia crisis.

Arthur O. Sulzberger, president and publisher of the Times, as well as a trustee of Columbia University, has repeatedly said that the news coverage of his paper has remained objective despite his partisan editorial stance, but the reporters (including several men on the city rewrite desk) have complained that copy which gave at least a relatively sympathetic treatment of the students' position has either been cut or completely edited out of shape.

The first Times editorial regarding Columbia denounced the student revels as "hoodlums" but in successive pieces the tone softened up, possibly after influential staffers demanded a little more open-mindedness from a paper that made a fetish of its objectivity and its liberalism.

During the bloody Columbia bust, a Times reporter was kicked and beaten just as if he were a student, and the report that the Times did of the affair (taken over the phone by Sylvan Fox, editor of the defunct World Journal Tribune) did not shrink from documenting the police brutality.

Younger Times staffers have been seen studying SDS and Movement releases with much greater interest than the Times bullpen thinks they deserve. Perhaps in the next generation of New York Times editors the message of change will find more receptive ears.

NYFREEP

Almost

FREE FOOD

No more white beans spilling on the cupboard floor, no more dusty white powdered milk, no more dogmeat in cans, gone are the soggy boxes of LARD. That old gruesome standby the Surplus Food Program is being cancelled. June will be the last month you can have English-muffin celebrations with the new allotment of butter. Instead, the State of Washington is picking up the California plan of issuing Food Stamps. The stamps will be given to anyone with less than a thousand in the bank and making less than \$170 per month if living alone, Two people in the house? The line is drawn at \$215; Three? \$255 for the house and you get the stamps. Applying for them is a minimum hassle: 1231 N. Allen Pl. is the office-near Greenwood and 45th-inside stern old ladies (guardians of the public dole) will hand you forms and arched eyebrows and questions to answer. Some sort of statement of how much you are or are not making is needed. Then comes an interview with Your Social Worker. Some of the interviewers are chicks with English degrees from Berkeley who like making 650 per month with the State, others are old ladies who sympathize with the downtrodden struggling hopeful poor. Once you get them, every dollar spent on stamps becomes two dollars worth of food at the supermarket of your choice. If you are really broke 50 cents will buy \$40 worth of food. You live on swiss cheese and tortillia chips? The stamps will pay for them. The stamps are good on everything: meat, milk, vegetables, etc., except liquor and cigarettes (although if you find a friendly cashier even those evil habits can be supported by the stamps...no record is kept of what they are spent on according to rumors from LA where stamps have been supporting houses of people in gastronomic style beyond their ordinary means for several years). The program was changed in response to fears of a black rebellion, like the various projects for swimming pools in the Central Area hastily drawn up after King was murdered. The administrators are careful not to discriminate against anybody. Applications are being made now and the program starts in July. Call PA 5-6200 for more information.

STOP MO. HAM-AD

The Vietnam Convocation somehow seemed a classic example of anti-war workings. An ad-hoc committee set itself up and gave awards to those it felt had worked hard for peace in recent years. These people included draft resisters, campus radicals, a lawyer, a soldier in the stockade, clergy, and others. But then there must be the ceremony, and at all ceremonies you have speakers and with speakers you get the crowds.

Mohammad Ali drew over 1,000 people to the HUB to hear him speak on religion. When the audience grew uncomfortable about his words, he just used his humor to win them back to his side and drew long applause and a standing ovation. After he spoke at least 25% of the audience left but there were other speakers. A retired general who felt we must stop the war to preserve the system and a militant pacifist who stressed the importance of unity within the movement. Some of the recipients of the awards were considering burning their awards to show the irrelevancy of the awards at this point. Then Mohammad recited some more poetry, and it was over. The souls of liberals had been again cleansed and radicals became more pissed off.

The reception afterwards was just as interesting. Mohammad arrived to six hippies sitting in front of a band. The band played a tune and then stopped. Mohammad went over, played the drums and left. The twenty or so whites felt lonely, until some black brothers from the block came in. In the process they hassled Dr. Kahn and his dance partner and walked off with his coat, keys, and money. And then that too was over.



IS THAT WHERE IT HURTS, UNCLE TOM?

WHEN YOU'RE THRILLED-You're excited and you perspire. "Nervous B.O." is sure to follow at a time when you're most anxious to please. You go to the movies with an interesting "somebody," get excited, and out comes nervous perspiration. Take care face life with a confident smile, protected by HAL.

FLY

A Giant Kite Fly By in the afternoon. Birds, Eagles, Lions, and Mollusk Totem Kites. Fly your own. Materials for construction of and/or completed flying structures for sale at the site. James Z. Cornwath, famous kite-flying expert will display and fly his creations. Competitions in several categories of kite-craft. PRIZES...judgements by unbiased kite flying observers. Special green lawn by the lake for reclined voyeurs and other disconnected spectators. Late in the afternoon Joan Frank Williams and Neal O'Dean will provide "unusual entertainment" (rumored to be the first performance of a new Berio Texture while aloft in a Giant Box Kite). The party will ask a donation for New Dimensions In Music. Flying begins at 12 noon and will continue until the wind dies down. Location: 11929-86th NE, Kirkland, just across the Evergreen Floating Bridge. Time: Sunday, June 9th.

1ST ANNUAL PACIFIC N.W. SUNSHINE FREEDOM FESTIVAL
BEAUTY? CONTEST
SAT. JUNE 8TH AT ALEXANDERS RESORT ON LAKE SAMMAMISH
3 BANDS

DEMONSTRATION; SATURDAY 2 PM U.S. COURTHOUSE

For the first time-outright-the military is challenging the right of soldiers to freely practice their first amendment's right of free speech. The by now famous case of soldier Andy Stapp stirred only political fumbling. Stapp was dishonorably discharged 20 days before his time was up for having continuing relations with subversives...i.e. The Committee for G.I. Rights. Stapp was also originally court-martialed not for the "literature" he kept in his foot-locker, but for refusing to open it for special inspection of the literature. That legal hair-splitting exhibited, at least, a clumsy attempt on the part of the staff to avoid blatant confrontation with the 1st Amendment issues. Stapp (the editor of Bond the serviceman's newspaper)-is presently appealing his dishonorable discharge. But now Black marines George Daniel and William Harvey have been sentenced to 10 and 6 years respectively for uttering "disloyal words" and white soldiers Daniel Amick and Ken Stolte have been both sentenced to 4 years for speaking these words. "We are uniting and organizing to VOICE our opposition to this war. We are organizing a union in order to EXPRESS our grievances." Daniel's and Harvey's "disloyal words" were these: "Vietnam is a white man's war. Therefore, Black men should not fight there. A black man should not fight in Vietnam because after the war he would have to come back and fight the white man."

The four of them will be a long time appealing. Meanwhile they will be in the brig-Daniels and Harvey at Portsmouth R.I., Stolte and Amick at Ft. Ord-wating for the long sequence of appeals to get out of the military courts and into the civil where at least there is a sometime tradition for interest in constitutional rights.

Locally a board list of sponsors, including members of student, pacifist, and black organizations-also including members of the Helix staff-are instigating and organizing a DEMONSTRATION to "protest the power structure's suppression of G.I.'s Elemental Rights." The demonstration will not be weighted with any superfluous rhetoric, just the presence of those concerned this Sat. June the 8th at 2pm at the U.S. Court House, 5th and Madison. Be there.

BLOODY

New York (LNS)-The Federal Government cannot provide sufficient medical help to blacks injured in ghetto uprisings as long as Congress refuses to include civil disasters in the Federal Disasters Act, which now only covers natural disasters.

In response to this situation, and at the request of black community groups and draft counseling organizations, a medical task force is being formed by several medical groups in New York City. The most immediate function of the task force will be to provide treatment for those injured by police actions in ghetto uprisings. First aid stations will be set up whenever any community organization requests it.

NOSE

Is it true that Grayson Kirk is getting a nose job so he'll look more like De Gaulle? And that he'll end the next Columbia rebellion by disappearing overnight into Westchester County and returning the next day to make an arrogant radio (but no TV) speech which will be followed by a massive invasion of Columbia by jocks from as far south as Ole Miss?

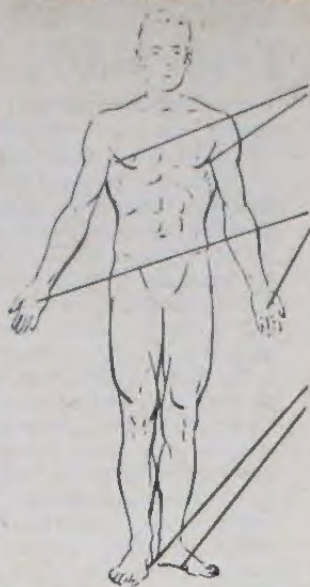
Probably not.

Kirk, however, would doubtless give anything to learn the secrets behind De Gaulle's charisma. After all, if De Gaulle can end the French Revolution of 1968 and still hold on to his power, imagine what he could do at Columbia.

LOOT

YIPPIES will be holding a MACY'S GIANT LOOT-IN from 1pm to 3pm, Sat, June 8th "to free ourselves from the property fetish". The directive states: wear middle class costumes and infiltrate, property is theft, make free stores at the entrances, spontaneous sculptures in the isles, to steal is human to loot divine; donate second hand things to Macy's Warning: Looting may be hazardous to your health.

Underneath the veneer of civilized man



There are about 1000 sweat glands per square inch under each arm. Any confined areas are prime "danger spots." Any little nervous upset brings out nervous perspiration here.

There are about 1600 sweat glands per square inch on each palm. Ever rub off your palm before you shook hands? Then you know what nervous perspiring is.

There are about 1575 sweat glands per square inch on the sole of each foot. Nervous perspiring here has caused trouble for millions. And there are other places, too, that cry out loud for the daily Lifebuoy Health Soap bath that makes you protected poised pleasant toothers-guarded against "nervous B.O." for hours and hours.

THE KEITH RHINEHART DEFENSE AND "THE CASKET MARCH" (Con'd from last issue)

"Law schools could furnish transcripts of Keith's sodomy trial to students," Louis Reed added. "A textbook, THE ART OF COURTROOM CHARACTER ASSASSINATION. Ass't Prosecutor Bob Dixon built his case by attacking Keith's career and supposed teachings. Jimmy Miller's self-contradicting testimony was a scared boy's, Jimmy torn between the needlings of his conscience and a more immediate fear of the police. One arresting officer "verified" Jimmy's description of Keith's home. To the jury, Dixon showed literature seized by police from that home as "proof" of Keith's character. He cited evidence of one previous conviction, not for a sex offense; for conducting a donation basis trumpet seance in Denver. ('55)"

"With a rising international reputation, a TV series with interviews, filmed with Steve Allen, Agnes Moorehead, Bertrand Russell, etc. during his second world trip, Keith was on the verge of acquiring donation funds for a large new temple for his church when the police detectives, Dixon's job and the jury's verdict torpedoed his career and imprisoned him. Jimmy later tried to right what he'd done; he offered and gave a post-trial confession to Keith's secretary Grace Dietz and Attorney Malcomb Edwards."

"Our tapes go to Gov. Evans Friday, June 21st, 68. We'll meet at 1:00 p.m. at the small park at 7th & Capitol Way, Olympia, walk 1 mile to the steps of the Temple of Justice and deliver. Keith's friends and supporters, and law students interested, please attend."



POISON RAIN

Malvina Reynolds, singer and writer of children's songs, will visit Seattle soon for a concert to benefit the Seattle Women Act for Peace and the Mothers and Fathers Against the Draft. Mrs. Reynolds (described by Ralph Gleason as a "grey-haired Joan of Arc") has written such songs as "What Have They Done to the Rain" and "Little Boxes" and "God Bless The Grass" will play at the Edge Coffee House in basement of the Wesley House at 42nd and 15th in the District this Sunday, June 9 at 3pm and on Saturday, June 8, at a Pot-Luck Dinner at 1412 East Aloha on Capital Hill at 6:30 pm. At the supper monies will be gathered and sent to the Poor People's March, Resurrection City, Washington, D.C. At 3pm on Saturday she will sign autographs at Discount Records.

(QUOTE FROM PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S SPEECH TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNORS CONFERENCE ON AUGUST 4, 1953)

"Now let us assume that we lost Indochina. If Indochina goes, several things happen right away. The Malayan Peninsula, that last bit of land hanging on down there, would be scarcely defensible, and the tin and tungsten that we so greatly value from that area would cease coming.

"So when the United States voted \$400 million to help that war, we are not voting for a giveaway program. We are voting for the cheapest way that we can to prevent the occurrence of something that would be of the most terrible significance for the United States of America, our security and our power and ability to get certain things we need from the riches of the Indonesian territory and from Southeast Asia."

66 WWSC STUDENTS REFUSE DRAFT

Sixty-six students at Western Washington State College won the applause of hundreds of their fellow students last week when they made it plain they would go to jail before going to war in Vietnam.

The 66, led by John Sullivan, campus ACLU president, said they would mail their draft cards back to their local draft boards with statements that they would refuse induction into the armed services.

Another 104 persons in Northwestern Washington and the WWSC area have pledged direct support to the 66 resisters, including financial help. The 104 are not subject to the draft, and they include college staff members and women.

"Our war in Vietnam is unjust and immoral," said a statement issued by the 66 students.

To this, Sullivan added:

"We are concerned about the draft and the war and where America is going. To not take a strong position would be less than courageous."

About 300 students who attended a conference called by the 66 resisters gave one of them a standing ovation when he commented: "We'd better solve problems at home before we start evangelizing the rest of the world with our great society. The nation will fall apart unless we start on a sane course."

Sullivan and the other students involved in the draft resistance movement at WWSC, stressed three major factors in their decision to act.

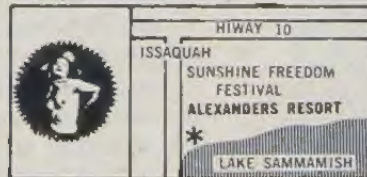
One was lack of conscientious self-determination on the conscription system. Sullivan said he is in favor of a professional army supported by enlistments.

Another factor was the belief that refusing induction is the affirmation of the value of human life, the right of people to be free of war and oppression and the sanctity of individual conscience.

A third factor was that the Selective Service system is unjust and inequitable, especially in the matter of deferments.

The draft resisters presented to WWSC president Charles J. Flora three proposals asking that students who resist the draft be readmitted to school on the same basis as other entering students. Such a policy would readmit students who have had to serve jail terms or the like for draft resistance.

Flora did not immediately respond officially.



Rivoli

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ALL ADULT PROGRAM

One Week Only

A FRANKLY EROTIC
TWO HOURS OF FILM
INCLUDING THE
NOTORIOUS

Change of Heart

by ANDREW NOREN

VACATIONS

The racist mind inevitably resorts to the hard-edged grid of its tightly structured sentiments as the analytic filter used in lieu of facts to analyze some event or circumstance that involves a guilty agent. The guilt must be fixed. To put it another way, when you don't know the facts of the matter, get self-righteously tough and act as if you did. In their dealings with the police, Blacks are finely acquainted with the more gross examples of this kind of display. For example...(because minors are involved the names have been withheld.)

An 11 year old boy—one of a family of ten living in the Central Area—witnessed a fire-bombing: legally an "act of arson." On his way home from the store, he hid and looked on at what he would later be charged with. The 11 year old ran from the scene and was seen and identified by two of his "friends" who then told the investigating policemen that he had done it. His mother now objects, "how would he know how to make anything like that." In fact, the boy claims to have seen an older boy throw the fire-bomb.

Then on Saturday afternoon the 25th of May, two fire-inspectors knocked on the door of the 11 year old's home. His older brother, 17, answered the door and was asked to bring his little brother to the door: he was going to the youth center. The older brother objected, and asked that they wait until their mother returned from the store. The fire-inspectors left saying they would try to find her. Instead, they called the police who made it to the home before the children's—there were several of them there; it's a large family—mother had returned. What ensued was a struggle. The oldest boy in the family—17—trying to keep his little brother in the house until the mother came home.

The police came into the house and grabbed the little boy. The older boy again objected and asked that they wait. When they wouldn't he grabbed hold of his little brother and started pulling him back. Soon the police were on top of him. They had him on the floor hitting and choking him...(a middle-class suburban split-level place—Spot in the kitchen, Dick and Jane cutting paper dolls on the floor in front of the TV, while Dad and Mom study travel brochures from the Grand Canyon)... "Ya, I hit them when they jumped on me. I think I hit one of them." Mother arrived just as they drove away. They left the older boy until the next Monday when four plainclothesmen, "dressed entirely in black" came to the home—"two at the front door and two at the back." "You'd think my boy was a murderer or something...they kicked the door open and asked me to get my boy. He was

AMERICA'S SUMMER TRAVELS TAKE MANY TO GRAND CANYON

in bed upstairs so when I started up the stairs they followed and pushed me against the wall." When the mother objected, "You said you wanted to TALK to him." They stopped on the stairs and she continued alone to the bedroom and brought him to the top of the stairs where the police were waiting. There they grabbed him. The boy, his mother and his father objected, and asked that he be allowed to put on his shirt and shoes; (he had on only his pants.) The two plainclothesmen hollered for the other two at the back door, and a struggle ensued. The boy was handcuffed and dragged out of the house through the rain and into the waiting car. When he arrived at the Youth Center he was charged with "interfering with an arrest and assaulting a police officer." (Remember, the one he thought he hit while being held on the floor and choked.) At the Youth Center he was again choked by an officer who held him down on a mattress while his hands were handcuffed behind his back.

Now with marks on his throat, cuts on his wrists and a numb forefinger and thumb, he is out waiting for his trial. The younger brother, however, is still at the youth center. Considered by juvenile court commissioner Horton Smith as too dangerous to release, he has now been charged—per police efficiency—with a second count of arson. (This one occurred at 12 o'clock midnight. His defense here will be the simple evidence that his mother had him in bed asleep.) Regarding this second charge, the two fourth-graders who testified against him more than likely merely amplified their imaginations a little further. Chris Young, ACLU attorney, who had originally attempted to get the younger boy out of the Youth Center and back home in his parents custody, was stopped short by Judge Robert Utter's rubber stamp upholding of Smith's fears.

If you have ever had occasion to speak with teenagers who have spent some time in the Youth Center you will appreciate that it is a crowded, bleak and sometimes brutal horro-house for the quick and impressionable imaginations of those held there. IT'S the local obscenity. Cliques form and fight and the division between the staff and the prisoners is clear and crossed only by threats and deals that can be made. For the most part the guards are not hired to their low-paying positions for reasons of their humanity, but rather because they are slightly sadistic petty power freaks. In the midst of all this a "dangerous 11 year old arsonist" has, it can be excused, good reason to cry.



On Saturday, May 1, 1968 McCarthy supporters, in coalition with RFK supporters, reaped the fruits of over one-half years political work. The coalition dominated the King County Democratic convention, winning every vote and hinting a radical platform. Highlights of the platform included:

- (1) Renunciation of the concept of by-partisan foreign policy.
- (2) Diplomatic recognition of Red China and acceptance of of Red China into the U.N.
- (3) Reduction of penalties for the use of marijuana to a misdemeanor.
- (4) Abolition of the draft
- (5) Legalized abortion
- (6) De-mechanizing (squad cars) cops in the central area with accompanying increases in status and pay.

International affairs was the first plank. The wording resembled a McCarthy speech. A pre-published minority report was offered, discussed, and voted down. A standing vote was demanded, revealing an approximate 60-40 division against the minority report. This vote set the tenor for all succeeding votes. Two of the twelve sections of the international affairs plank emerged from a barrage of attempted amendments unscathed. A thin sugar coat, an acknowledgment of IBJ's Viet Nam peace overtures, stretched over a bitter pill for the party establishment.

The time was then approximately an hour and a half past the 4:30 adjournment time. The balance of the foreign affairs plank was yet to be discussed in addition to planks on civil rights and individual concerns, urban affairs, education, labor, economic affairs, and natural resources. Some of these planks are blandly written and others are controversial. The squandered morning, dedicated to gasbagery could not be reclaimed. The coalition-controlled convention proceeded to pass the entire balance of the platform, unammended, over the anguished and desparate parliamentary efforts of the opposition. A chair recognition of a call to point of order would receive such ejaculations as "is this an American or a Moscow convention" or "these Commies obviously can't read." State Senator R.R. (Bob) Grieve stood repeatedly bellowing a demand for a roll-call vote. With the parliamentary plays exhausted, the balance of the platform was ratified by a standing vote showing a slightly larger majority than in previous votes.

The Democratic party establishment took a thrashing at the county convention. It would be reasonable to expect that the party machinery can recover by state convention time to repay in kind.

Peter R. Stewart
June 2, 1968



For peace...dove-tags

In Paris, the old men are finally talking. But in Viet Nam, the young men are still dying... Along with thousands of other people. Those of us who wear Dove-Tags, wear them to symbolize our desire to end this killing. Wear Dove-Tags with us. Wear Dove-Tags for peace...

DOVE-TAGS, P.O. BOX 1032, TOPANGA, CALIFORNIA 90290
Just send \$1.00 for each set of DOVE-TAGS
(White Peace Symbol on Red Tag, White Dove on Blue Tag,
Neck chain included)

Send my Dove-Tags to me at:

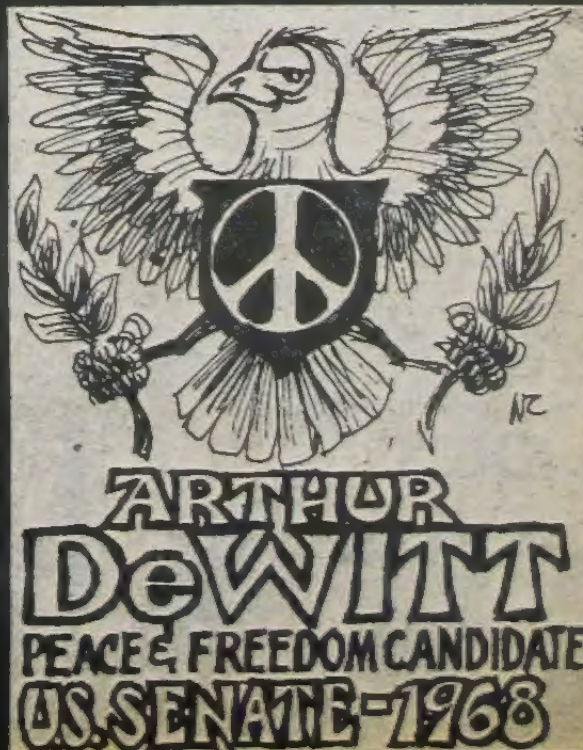
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Vice President Humphrey on television, commenting on the Oregon primary. Smug reference to the 100 delegates he has just picked up in Pennsylvania, the 63 or 65 in Florida. "That's 165 delegates, give or take a couple," he gloats, "and they're fighting over 25 delegates out in Oregon." His eyes, none too big at best, become even smaller: "I like odds like that, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN." I know what he means. He knows how to Operate, and one can see all the business executives and union business agents jabbing themselves with delighted recognition. A man who knows how to diddle, one of the boys.

After years of liberal verb age, he is revealing the real Hubert Huckster underneath with this recent vein of public gloating over back room intrigue; and his frank contempt for the primaries, which give the citizen his one meager chance to affect what they call the Democratic process.

In fact, Humphrey's sunny liberal platitudes have always rung absolutely false. Who else but a consummate huckster could be described as a fighting liberal in the straight press, and simultaneously be embraced by the reactionary Southern Democratic machines? Humphrey makes Dick Nixon look like St. Francis of Assisi. For example: in 1956, Humphrey served as toastmaster at an ADA banquet the very night after the ADA called for repeal of provisions of the Communist Control Act which Humphrey himself had helped to write. Let Nixon match that.

The Communist Control Act showed Humphrey Operating at the top of his form. In the summer of 1954, the Senate Democrats decided to show that they were even better red-baiters than the Republicans. Liberal Democratic Senators vied with each other for the privilege of co-sponsoring a bill depriving the Communist Party of its political rights. Humphrey outdid them all by offering an amendment which imposed a penalty of five years imprisonment and/or \$10,000 fine for mere membership in the party or for even conferring with a Party member "on behalf of any plan or enterprise". A few Senate liberals were uneasy about Humphrey's police state measure, and abstained when the Senate passed it, on August 18, 1954, by a vote of 79 to 1. Only Estes Kefauver—one of those rare men, an honest-to-god liberal—had the guts to vote against it. When a House-Senate Conference Committee lifted Humphrey's imprisonment and fine penalties, the happy warrior was petulant. "It is not as strong a blow as Hubert Humphrey would like to have struck" he complained (New York Times, August 20, 1954).

Here he is again today, Operating on all cylinders. But Mr. Humphrey may yet have a lesson or two taught him about power. If he greases his way into the presidency, he will be even more detested than Lyndon Johnson is today, and when the man who exemplifies power is detested, then the whole system is in trouble. Humphrey may learn tomorrow the lesson DeGaulle is learning today. Come to think of it, Humphrey as president might supply us with some exciting times in America.

Jon Gallant

LITTLE WILLIE JOHN IS DEAD

LITTLE WILLIE JOHN, early Motown writer and singer of songs—"Fever" being the most famous—is dead. He died, as the P-I reported, of pneumonia in the Walla Walla state penitentiary. He also died of neglect.

About two weeks ago Willie John went to the infirmary with a "touch of the flu." Diagnosed as pneumonia he was put to bed. But Willie John "raised a little hell" and so was locked up in a special "room", still sick. Two days later...last Monday the 27th at 2 in the morning he was eyed by the doctor through the window in the door and was written in the logue "sleeping peacefully." And four hours later at 6, window-care reported the same. At 7 am the door was opened and Willie John was found dead: now in rigor mortis. Dead for almost 5 or 6 hours. Dead by reason of neglect.

All of this was reported by an inmate released the same day that Willie John died. He claims that another inmate who works in the infirmary has had pledged nearly 20 affidavits by yet other inmates who work in that ward supporting this accusation. When Willie John was put in that special room he was vomiting. And there he was left to die: an inordinate punishment for acting up. Exactly how conscious was that punishment on the part of the doctors is impossible to assess. But, in effect, he did die of neglect, not of a well-nursed bad case of pneumonia. (Willie John was in for manslaughter. He probably would have been out in about 3-1/2 years. While in prison he wrote some songs and did some shows for the inmates. He was well liked.)

MURDER TRAIL

***D.A. Jim Garrison went to court in an effort to force the federal government to release the top-secret photographs and X-rays taken during the autopsy on the body of President Kennedy the day he was assassinated.

Garrison issued a subpoena, signed by Criminal Court Judge Edward A. Haperty, Jr., ordering United States Archivist Dr. Robert H. Bahmer to produce the photographs and X-rays in Garrison's office. All of the controversial material has been ordered by President Johnson to be sealed in the National Archives until the year 2039.

Specifically, Garrison asked in the subpoena for 45 color and black & white photographs and 24 X-rays taken before and during the Kennedy autopsy on Nov. 22, 1963, the day the President was murdered in Dallas.

The D.A. said the material is needed in the Shaw trial because his office has gathered substantial evidence to indicate that Kennedy was struck by bullets fired from three different directions. The photographs will demonstrate, said Garrison, that the fatal head wounds were the result of shots fired from the front of the President's car as he was riding in a motorcade in Dallas.

***Jeane Dixon, speaking in Seattle, said she had visited Jim Garrison in New Orleans and found he is on the right track. The famed seer, who claims to have predicted the assassination of Pres. Kennedy and Dr. Martin Luther King, said, "I am sure he is on the right track. Mr. Garrison will show that there were Cubans involved, but influential men lied people inside and outside the U.S. will discredit him to protect themselves. If you read between the lines, I am telling you a great deal," she confided.

***A new book on the assassination released by Bobbs-Merrill "Accessories After The Fact" by Sylvia Meagher is a one volume encyclopedia on the killing and the Warren Report errors. It has been described as "well-organized, readable, and thorough", containing such bits as: 40 of the 75 policemen guarding Oswald at the time of his murder knew Ruby by sight. The book presents evidence and analysis of all disputed points and brings clarity to a jumble of facts and counter facts.

***Mark Lane will speak in Seattle sometime in June according to State CCI Chairman Ed Jeffords.

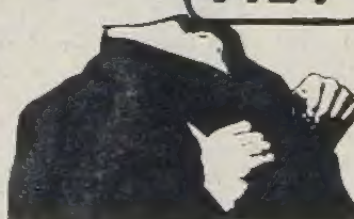
A weekly summation of the news from New Orleans is sponsored by the CCI on KRAB radio. Normally aired at 6pm on Mondays.

A U of W chapter of the Citizens Committee of Inquiry was formed with George Rennar as acting chairman (SU 4-5220) and Arval Morris, professor of law, as faculty advisor. The chapter plans films, speeches, and conferences.

Write to PO Box 222 Tacoma Washington to get on the mailing list of the CCI—a monthly bulletin of news and comments by experts on the Kennedy Inquiry.

"When Kennedy died, a lot of things in this country died with him. Today, the U.S. government is moving toward a totalitarian society and is marked by continuous lies." Mark Lane

"HEADACHES DON'T BOTHER ME!"



"I've Joined the Snap Back Club!"

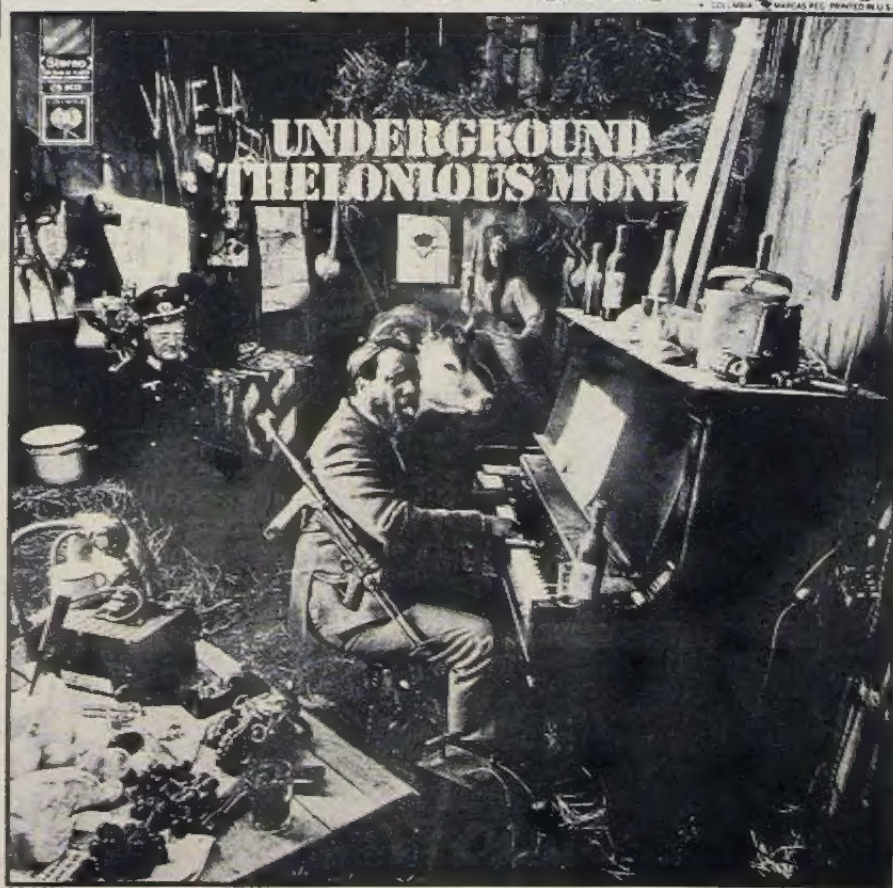
7 SPOCK

Dr. Benjamin Spock and four co-defendants currently are on trial in Boston on federal charges of counseling young men to refuse to serve in the armed forces.

When the trial began May 20, the prosecution said it would take at least two weeks to present its case. Abruptly, however, on May 20, the prosecution rested its case. Reasons for the prosecution's move were not at all clear.

Most of the early days of the trial, after a jury was picked, were taken up with the showing of films taken last year when Spock and the co-defendants made it plain they intended to challenge the government on the right to draft men for the Vietnam war.

In responding to the prosecution's charges May 25, the defense indicated it would put forward the question of the legality of the Vietnam war as a basic issue in the case. This element of the case was expected to begin developing during the week as the defense moved closer to fundamental issues.



The Monk Runs Deep (or Thelonious Revealed)

A man's a genius for just looking like himself. So he should play like himself.

And the underground genius is no exception. He's a motionless beard. A foot flapping wildly like a blacksmith at a cranky forge. Fingers picking out unpredictable chords of Monkish exercises in horizontal creativity. Monk's original, professional and non-imitable. His new album, "UNDERGROUND," explodes on the scene revealing all the

total talent and genius he has to offer.

Two beautiful cuts from the album are "Raise Four" and "In Walked Bud." But most of the compositions are new and never before heard on a Monk album.

Columbia has also provided an out-of-sight cover photo. It's the one you see above. Dig it?

If you haven't been turned on to Monk yet, "Underground" will make you a fan for life. on Columbia Records.

*Stereo. Also available in 4-track and 8-track stereo tape cartridges

THE YOUNGBLOODS

EARTH MUSIC

.....



ON

RCA



THE LOSERS

How would they have changed history as President?



**RICHARD
BRAUTIGAN**

This is the trout fishing in America presidency. A cabinet spun out, strung out, hung up, flaked out, and reeled in.

Lots of small silvers floating in the presidential stream, often hard to catch but full of juice when you hook them. Occasionally there's a good-sized rainbow--red, white, and funky blue, like the trumpet at 4 am that sounds like a fetching kazoo.

O say can you see President Brautigan and the cabinet floating downstream like a school of lazy lunatics rolling and wheeling in the bubbling crystal, buddy? "What're we gonna do this morning, Mr. President? Give 'em 6 billion for rivers and harbors or 7.8 billion to dredge up the bottom fish and see how they taste basted, roasted, fried and fishwicked?"

And behind the White House, between there and the 400-foot wide stream that replaced Pennsylvania Avenue, is a little place like a smiling outhouse for the Kool-Aid wino. Just a place for him to sit and make his stuff. Plenty of gallon jugs and piles of Kool-Aid packets in all the best flavors.

"Brothers, sisters, this is a soul stream, full of wailin' trout who are gonna give this country back to the Indians, the Confederate Dead, Lonnie Donegan, Rebel Smith, and Trout Fishing in America Shorty. Toss a 20 in that pot, if you would, buddy. Trout Fishing in America Treasury Department gets uptight if the pot runs low on big bills."

The U.N. will meet somewhere between Albany and Poughkeepsie along a stream that takes a 90-degree turn around a statue of a Rockefeller who got busted, and pass a resolution to make the Atlantic a big Trout Fishing in America stream between us and our second cousins over there in Great Britain.

The President has problems. Domestic problems. Can't let the baby sit in the sun too long on the White House lawn and puke all over the carpets. International problems. How far out can you get in the Trout Fishing in America Pacific?

And the President has letters of state to write. "Dear General De Gaulle, I know your problems too are immense, but you forgot the mayonnaise."



**WILLIAM
RANDOLPH HEARST**

SAN LUIS OBISPO--Well, friends, if you've been keeping up with us on our latest Hearst task force expedition, you know it's been a busy week. This Editor's Report will be just jam-packed with juicy tidbits.

First off, let me explain the dateline. The task force is unexpectedly stopping over in the Travelodge here because matters at San Simeon were just a little bit confused. You see, when dad built San Simeon, he just didn't know what was happening. I mean, all that architecture and money and stuff. So we let California have it, and you know how hard it is to get help these days.

Well, anyway, we checked in at San Simeon about noon today, and the first thing we knew there was this yelp from Bob Considine and then a terrible crash. It seems good old Bob had stretched out on a bed upstairs, and the whole kit and kaboodle--Bob, mattress, and bed--came right through the floor along with the termites which had eaten it.

So then and there we packed up and headed down the road to San Luis Obispo. I'm writing this Editor's Report while Bob puts Band Aids on the sore spots and Milt Kaplan rides up and down the main drag here. You know Milt--always out searching.

Of course the highlight of this busy, busy week had to be when I declared my presidential candidacy. I didn't declare as either a Republican or Democrat. Now this isn't as crazy as it seems. I just want to let you in on a little secret to explain the whole thing: wouldn't it be a feather in my cap if they both nominated me? And you know I can remain completely independent right up to the end in this weekly report to the reader. The situation reminds me of something an old friend of dad's used to say--"If you can change horses in the middle of the stream, to hell with bridging the credibility gap."

Now, you'll be wondering just what my presidential platform is. It was a little bit hard to define any platform on those five minutes of TV time we bought at 3 am to announce my candidacy. Well, here's the program, as my old army buddies used to say:

1. If it looks good, I'll do it.
2. If it looks expensive (i.e. over \$99.95), I won't do it.
3. I'll go wherever I'm needed (and a lot of places I'm not).
4. I'll save the country the price of a cabinet.

Who needs a cabinet when I've got the task force?

5. People with the following initials might be in for a few surprises if I'm elected: C D G; H E M; R F K; R. R. Don't let that last one throw you. Some day I'll tell you about the bill he sent me for repairs to San Simeon.

Space is running out, and I'll just have to skip the other newsworthy events of this busy, busy week.

See you next week when our campaign itinerary takes us to Wheeling, Bonners Ferry, Ketchikan, Eppingham, Yazoo City, Salt Ste. Marie and Kennebunkport.



**CHARLES
DE GAULLE**

"Of course, I want to be president of the United States. France is hardly big enough for my stature. Full of freaks and winedrunkers too. First, enough of these Democrats and Republicans. There is only one republic and it is me.

"Second, I wish a constitution. The present one is inferior. It was written by several men. I will, of course, write this one entirely by myself. It will be set in special type to give it authority--and make it slightly unreadable to those who wish to analyze its contents. Make sure there are plenty of I's on the typesetting machine. It will be my constitution, and I must express myself fully in it.

"Third, I will recall the troops from Vietnam and immediately invade Ontario and Quebec. These are, of course, French territories. They must be reclaimed for France and held under a special Franco-American alliance known as the De Gaulle Alliance. It will also be convenient to station many troops in Ontario and Quebec where they can be on call in case of uprisings in the United States. The rest of Canada we shall return to a more

primitive state for purposes of fur trading and other commercial enterprises.

"Fourth, all borders of the United States will be patrolled incessantly. Henceforth, color of hair will be carefully checked. All black-haired persons whose hair bears suspicious traces of red will be detained indefinitely.

"Fifth, all Americans will be required to travel to Paris once a year. There, they will spend at least 10,000 American dollars. These dollars will remain in France.

"Sixth, telephone service will be altered to observe French standards. The average waiting time for telephone calls will be six days. Long distance service will be an impossibility.

"Seventh, the U.N. will move from New York; preferably to Buenos Aires. The U.S. building will become a De Gaulle Museum, which will house artifacts displaying the essential elements of my life and times.

"Now I must end this discussion. Peking is on the telephone. Mainland China badly needs new leadership, and I must confront my destiny."

WHO AM I?



A liberator and a journalist in my background. I was born on the birthday of one, and in a town named like the other.

Watch daily clues and see next Sunday's P-I for the rules and a new Mystery Face.

Today's clue to Mystery Face No. 9 is The P-I's new \$10,000 contest!



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OVERSIZE

Here is a tire that is built for GREATER MILEAGE from the foundation up.

You can SEE that it will wear longer.

Measure it with a rule. It has a larger girth than ANY other tire of the same rating.

No tire user need be told that such a tire will give greater mileage.

Note that THIS tire is pure black—a fact that proves that these tires are built of tough, strong, long-wearing rubber. THIS is another reason why LIVING Black Oversize Tires give greater mileage.

LIVING

TIRE & RUBBER CO.

West 55th Street, New York,
Factories—Conshohocken,

IN

COLOR

DREAM SEEN: BLACK AND WHITE IN THE WORLD OF VOTE (toothpaste)

Prime time: right after the six o'clock movie...an all-american ex-GI exposes a ring of filthy smirking Nazi counterfeiters right in the heart of San Diego...a big picture of the FLAG waving free, the Pledge of Allegiance said by school-kids with the forbidden "one nation under GOD" left in, a wizened anonymous figure in a raincoat talking into a microphone near the Washington Memorial. Camera pan to his face—maninthestreet face—he introduces himself as GROUP FOUR COMMENTATOR (very jerky and science fiction) and the show began ***RACISM***ON***PARADE*** or so the prime time masses could swallow it... ONE NATION INDIVISIBLE... the NBC 3½ hour Memorial Day "Sock It To 'Em" special on white racism and black futility...Daddy Objectivity with the microphone promised us we'd get to see how the "common man" (the hope of our nation) really feels about THE PROBLEM.

Dissolve to Chicago post-war suburb. Voice tells us in so many words that the place on the screen is middle-middle-middle class. Zoom up to Baptist Church, zoom right under the pulpit, the Aryan-jawed preacher looms above, at the totalitarian camera angle he is scary, right out of the six o'clock movie, he is telling his congregation, "The liberals... have... started... a... devil's program." He leans forward and smiles, a front tooth is blackened, he is obviously not a good guy. "Jesus... never intended... that... ALL men live together as BROTHERS..." Another wicked grin and a flash of the all-knowing all-seeing fanatic eyes: 12 million TV viewers shudder and see Goebells reincarnate preaching racism as religion...

Suddenly a huge hand with a huge felt-tip pen drew numbers on huge teeth suspended from huge smiles... "Can you afford to brush with anything but the winner?"

But white America hadn't seen anything yet. The program launched into a carefully edited hour and a half of interviews and film from the daily lives of all our favorite racist and black cartoon characters:

BAPTIST PARISHONER: "A lot of my friends have had to move several times because their property values went down."

YOUNG CATHOLIC TEACHER-PRIEST: "Racists cannot be Christians. That's not where Christianity is at."

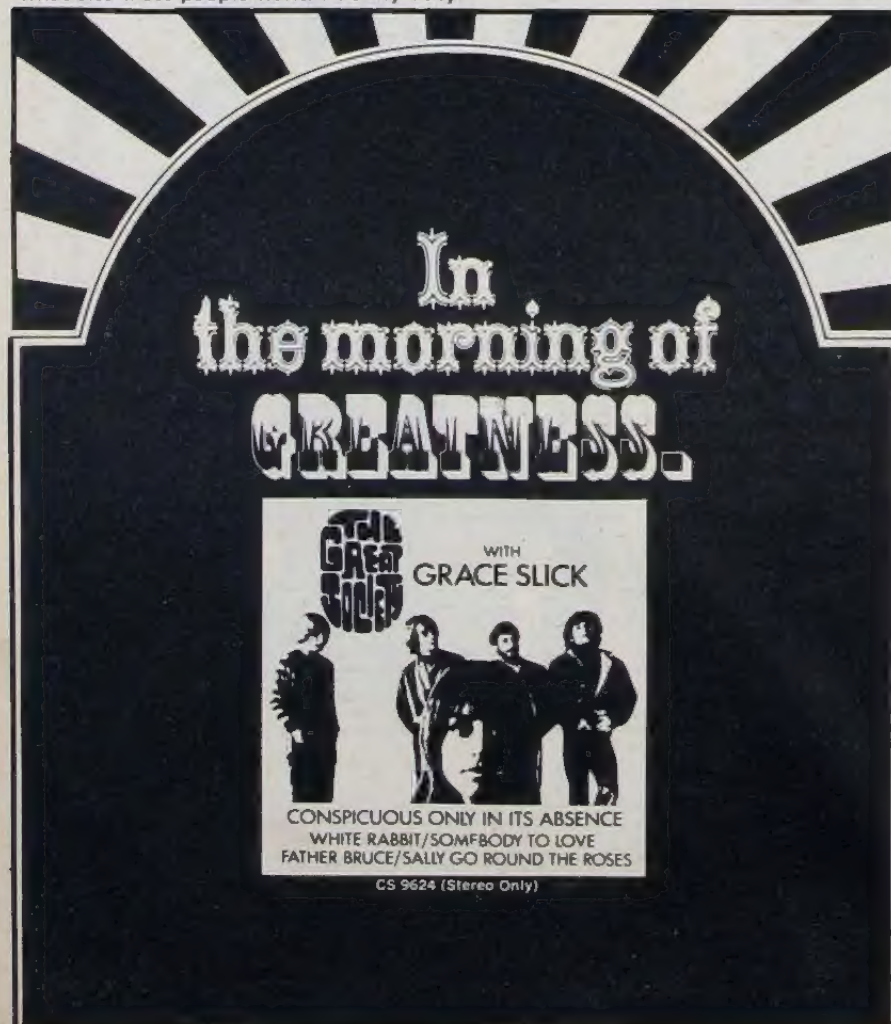
BLACK COLLEGE GRAD WHO HAS MADE IT: "I want to compete in the total world."

KINDLY OLD JEWISH TEACHER: "I have to teach slower now (after integration). We, as teachers, must force them to conform so they can learn easier... Negro children are not educationally oriented..."

YOUNG HIP BROWN CHICK: "I did your thing...graduated from college, went in the Peace Corps, and I'm sick of it...Leave us alone."

NEGRO COP: "These militants gonna burn this place down...I'm raising my kids without false concepts—like free housing...I have to enforce some laws I hate."

WHITE GHETTO COP (While walking down a garbage-filled alley): "I don't know what else these people want. I do my duty."



Grace Slick and some others had a group called The Great Society. They played Longshoreman's Hall, the Fillmore, Mother's, the Avalon, the Matrix. The Great Society disbanded. But it lives in Grace Slick. In the San Francisco sound. In "White Rabbit." In "Somebody to Love."

BLACK DRUGGIST: "All our money goes to the suburbs."

WHITE GHETTO STORE OWNER: "Of course I have a gun. The police are hamstrung by all those liberal laws. I'm leaving."

COOL FILLMORE CAT (Pimp?): "We are now. We are the City. This area will be black or nothing at all. Isn't that right, brothers?" (Brothers: "Teach on that, brother...Right on.")

WHITE SLUM-STATE AGENT: "It's beneficial keeping slums... There is only a certain amount of profit available to us... we won't fix up those buildings."

BLACK VIET-WAR VET (Hanging out in the pool hall): "I don't hate whites... I jus wanna raise a family and have a home. I don't know what to think about H. Rap and Stokley."

WHITE INDUSTRIAL MANAGER: "We are not going to lower our standards. OUR boys will be steam-fitters."

YOUNG ITALIAN BUSINESS CLERK: "I want to protect the things I've earned, the things I love."

A GAGGLE OF LIBERALS (In a SF lounge all talking at once): "...polarization of..." "That's right" "...cope with..." frightened today... no racism in Stokley in 1966... no violence... that's right... we have to react to the conflict by realizing progress is... afraid of communication..."

A SF LAWYER: "The intellectuals called for it... now the test is at hand..."

GENERAL IN CHARGE OF RIOT TRAINING (Camera on: he looks up from his papers, takes out a cigarette, lights it, hand quivers only slightly, blows smoke out violently, looks up into the camera—strong, tough and confident, but wishing he had his sunglasses on): "We will quell riots... with a show of force... if possible... Gas is a dirty weapon—but the only one available."

WHITE NATIONAL GUARDSMAN (Who looked like a brat from a SS Jugend Korp): "There is no conflict... things are getting better... civil rights and all..."

AN AUDITORIUM FULL OF GUARDSMEN (Crew-cut instructor walks to the podium, turns glares, growls 'Good Morning Men') In one voice as one body and one mind the Guardsmen yell "GOOD MORNING, SIR."

Camera pan to soldier wearing grotesque gas mask, helmet, rifle with bayonet fixed, stomping his right foot on fallen rioters, advancing on the camera yelling and screaming... "THIS IS AUTHORITY...I AM AUTHORITY"

BLACK ORGANIZERS IN BLACK LEATHER JACKETS (Probably Panthers cutting out the jive and talking white sharp and intellectual for the cameras): "Somehow we have to cut the cycle of property... Black Power means Black control of Black communities..."

Then another GROUP FOUR COMMENTATOR, so pale he might have been white, took us on a short tour of the things that are being done: the Black Studies Program at San Francisco State which included a Black teacher's expression of who Nat Turner really was; an industry which hired and trained Blacks to work on manual labor jobs; Henry Ford talking liberal to the National Alliance of Business men, but revealing that although many Blacks work in the factories only 2 out of 7,000 salesmen at a recent conference were Black; an interview with retired General James Gavin who predicted civil doom unless this foolish war expenditure is halted, and lastly, a quick sketch of a wealthy Black Banker who spends his money fixing up ghettos and loans his money to Black men to help them develop their own communities. His bank has lost its surety bonds which are held by white bankers and investment men who are pulling all of their money out of the ghetto because the risk is too great.

During the next half hour we saw all those people, black and white, who had been interviewed earlier, confront each other face to face. The Baptist fought with the Catholic, the liberals laughed, the young blacks stayed cool, smug and aloof, the older blacks were sincere and ironic, the real estate man changed his tune. We watched the Baptist accuse the lawyer of racism because he mentioned there were six Negroes in the room. We watched the Black Druggist tell the Baptist he was too far gone. We watched everyone fail to communicate with everybody except the commentator.

Then we zoomed up to Garfield High School for a live KING TV broadcast to unveil racism in our own community. The Panel was the Establishment: both black and white. The audience were the people. No militants on the panel because (as Roberta Byrd, KING commentator, smoothly put it) "These are the men who run things. We brought them here so you folks could ask them questions." The broadcast almost broke up into shouting and chaos after a black paraded an unreadable sign in front of the cameras, but the KING moderators stayed calm and things cooled down.

Mayor Braman made perhaps the worst showing of all the panelists by gruffly asserting that he knew everything in the Police Manual, then begging off when questioned about the grounds upon which a cop can shoot somebody, i.e., on suspicion of committing a felony. Various members of the audience tried to pin Mr. Bender of the Trades Union Council with obstructing apprenticeship programs but his obstinacy and continual reference to the 29% non-white members of his union, combined with a lack of clarity on the part of his attackers got him off the hook. Mr. Troxell of the School Board plodded through the evening repeating every question asked in the manner of the perfect school teacher but failed to answer citizens obviously quite upset about bussing their children out of their communities.

Finally, the time was up, and we had witnessed a masterful piece of propaganda. The men who control the media influencing a somewhat frightening percentage of modern America had produced an "educational program" on the reality of racism and the forces of repression. Their intention was clear: Racists are real people and real people can be racists without knowing it. Although the editing was heavy and its purpose a little obvious at times, each interviewee was presented fairly and none complained about it when given the opportunity. Their racism revealed itself naturally as part of their character. The blacks on the program were presented as reasonable people caught between living in an intolerable situation and annihilation if they step out of line. Wisely, hysterical militant preaching was avoided, but the message was there if you caught it. ("Loot before you burn, baby.") What effect this program will have on Mr. and Mrs. America remains to be seen. ONE NATION INDIVISIBLE may not exist much longer, but no one will be able to say he didn't see it coming.

TH



THE FREE U
ENVIRONMENT and PLACE
for Learning
Seeing
Doing
this summer
a High School
this fall
a Know School

No grades, tests, degrees
just the best people
we can put together
for life happening
the way we make it

LOVE'S BODY .. VERY HIGH SCHOOL ... HATHA YOGA

THE NEW AGE
THE JAROS



summer

NEWSPAPER
CATALGUE IS
AVAILABLE AT



I CHING
... GRASS



HAWAIIAN HULA

GENERATION GAP
BODY DRAWING...

TEENAGERS

VERY HIGH SCHOOL

- WHO ARE YOU?

How do you feel about yourself. Others -
how do they feel about You? Honesty,
Frankness, Games, Magic, Lies. Trickery -
mind, body, spirit - Life, it will all be
there - it's your responsibility; if you'll
take the risks it will work.

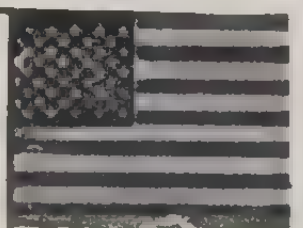
Tuesday 6:30 pm

Barry Kahn
MA 4-6597

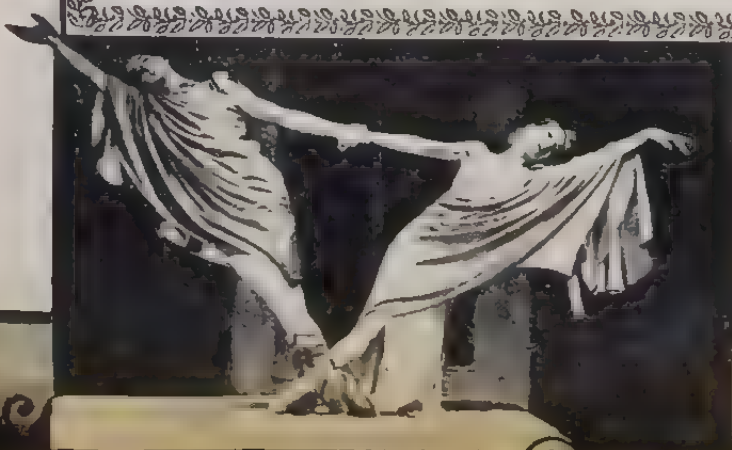
Various Projects for teenagers, group
sessions (limited to 15) in the afternoons
with one or more of the following leaders:

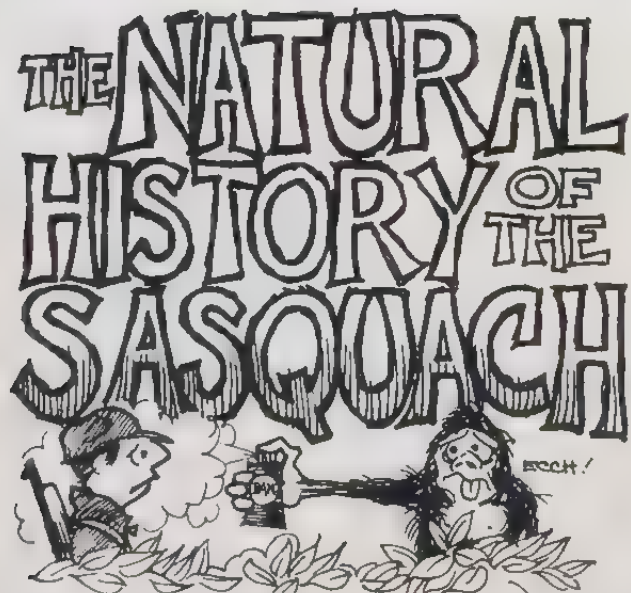
| | |
|--------------|------------------------------|
| Paul Dorpat | Editor of the "Helix" |
| Paul Sawyer | Poet-Minister |
| Monty West | Anthropologist |
| Robert Stern | SDS Leader |
| Tom Robbins | Writer - "Shazam Society" |

Monday thru Friday 2:00-5:00 ME2-2299



FREE U SUMMER
REGISTRATION JUNE 17-21 3-9PM



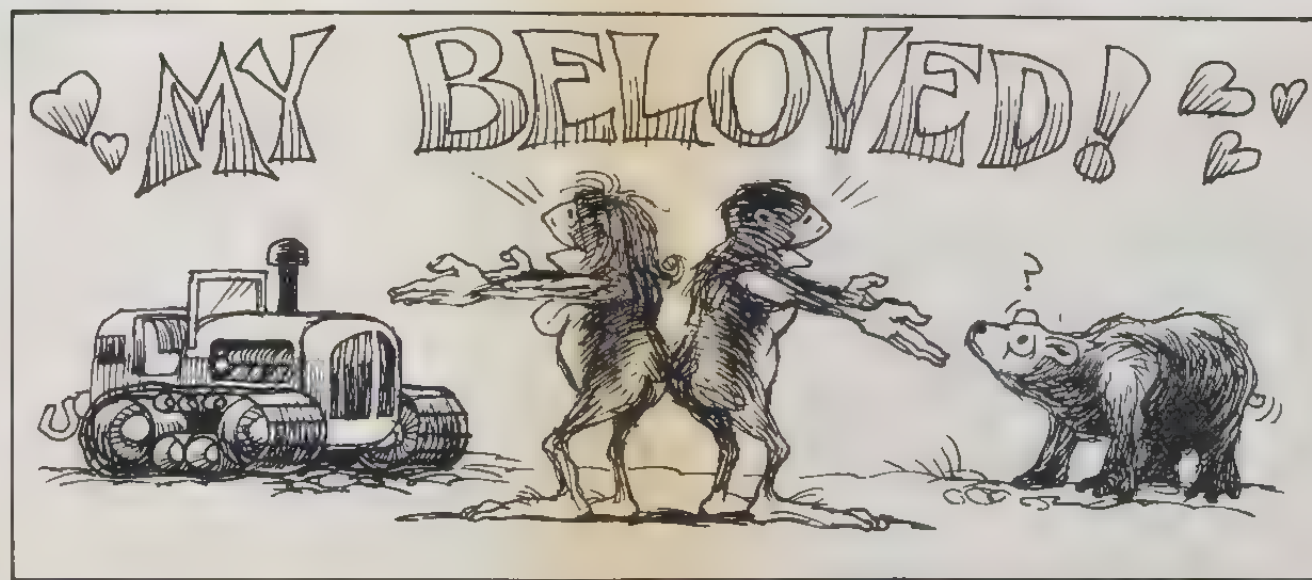


Once frequent on the north western coast of America, from Alaska to California, the numbers of the Sasquach have appeared to decrease in the advance of civilization. Timber and mineral exploitation, the development of transportation, farming throughout their former range has confined what few remain to the coastal wilderness of Washington and British Columbia and a few inaccessible mountain areas inland: the Mt. St. Helien, Mt. Adams region where they are known to breed in lava caves and east of Mt. Garibaldi in Canada. To the Indian he was quite familiar; if at times threatening. But the white man he avoids, for coming in contact with him becomes dangerous. The smell of the Caucasian is offensive. Indians would at times take whites with them on forages into Sasquach country to repel the creatures. It is this sensitivity probably which led initially to the withdrawal of the Sasquach from its natural range with the consequence, in time, of the decline of the species.

In appearance the race is apelike, though more erect, not being an aboriginal beast. It grows from six to seven feet in height, and at maturity can weigh up to 400 pounds. Coloring and body hair length vary depending on sex, age and environment. Black and brown Sasquaches are most common, the young though, may be light beige, buff or grey. The beige Sasquach glows slightly in the dark. The face is hairless, the eyes sunken and beady, the nose is flat but full, suggesting even in the beast's appearance the significance to it of its sense of smell. In some older animals the teeth turn a metallic black. The teeth are hollow and will float in water.

The strength of the creature is astonishing, even for its size: it can twist a young tree ten inches in diameter off its stump or shake a huge tree till all its bark falls off. A train crew captured a young Sasquach near Yale, B.C. in the summer of 1884, and kept it captive on a logging chain. It could break a railroad tie with its two hands. It is a relatively vocal animal, expressing itself in grunts, whistles, screeches and howls. Subject to a virulent mange, and frequently also psychic disorders, whole nights through may be made terrible by a Sasquach's agonizing howls. The Indians hearing this sort of thing thought it prophetic of the approach of some natural disaster; a flood, forest fire, volcanic explosion, a tornado, hurricane or earthquake. Sasquaches are omnivorous, they are fond of berries and will summerarily attack anyone intruding into a patch where they are foraging; as late as 1942 a man in Katz, B.C. had his arm broken by a Sasquach because he ventured off the trail into a berry patch. Clams appeal to them, and on Vancouver Island they are well known to the Cowichan Indians: at low tide at night they come down to the beach to scratch for clams, snorting, sometimes moaning as they work. They will take a cudgel and drive a bear away for the fish he has caught to eat. A Sasquach, according to a Southern Pacific railway employee, picked up a deer he had shot in a clearing and fled with it into the tall timber. They are particularly fond of dog meat. There is an incident reported of a stump rancher outside of Cougar, Washington, handing candy bars out through the door to a small Sasquach.

In the Desmot country in Idaho and similarly in the forests north of Hoquiem, Washington, men gone wild have been identified with Sasquaches. In Idaho in the 1870's a huge Negro who had fought with the Union in the Civil War, took to the hills and lived and dressed like an animal, raiding cattle



TEXT: ANONYMOUS / CARTOONS: WALT CROWLEY

ranches for meat, but was finally hunted down by a posse on horse, and shot. In Washington it seems to have been a logger who went mad. He was shot in 1917 and brought into town tied on a pole.

Sasquaches are of three sexes and breeding amongst them is attended by a horrible uproar as they bully and push each other for position. The cruelty of this process has engendered perversion. They excite themselves sexually by exposing themselves to large machinery and airplanes. The numerous instances of their footprints being found in the vicinity of timber and construction work in the wilderness derive from this characteristic. When the Sasquach is seen from the cabin of a low flying airplane on some rocky eminence, it will have, in all likelihood, placed itself there to gratify itself with imaginings of the shock the airplane must experience. A fine group of photographs in the possession of the family of a Mercer Island doctor, show an Alaskan Sasquach caught in the throws of this exhibitionist compulsion. It had swum from shore to a fishing boat in the bay to climb on the foredeck to expose itself, and remained there ten minutes or so, so powerful was the impulse, during which time the photographs were taken. Before fear overcame it, it dove from the boat's deck, and swam ashore. The Sasquach traditionally would lie in wait for and assault Indian women in the vicinity of their camp, but with the passing of the Indian, and as has been noted before, the offensiveness of the

snell of the Caucasian, which makes the white woman unattractive to the beast, this mode of sexual express (along with normal relations due its decline) is closed to the Sasquach, with the predictable result that the incidence of exhibitionism is increasing. This seems to be confirmed by the increased number of sightings. Occasionally Sasquaches will attack bears, often large animals and even field cattle.

The young of the Sasquach leave the nest where they are born in about two years. It wanders wildly in its early life, as restlessly as if it were pursued. The California Indians knew the Sasquach as the traveler, or patroler, one that traverses hundreds of miles in a season and returns. It is many years before it mates, if it mates at all with its kind, and does not choose perversion, or a life of rape. As it grows older it will haunt some desolate valley for years at a time. Living in solitude and hunting alone for it is an aggrieved creature, beset at every turn by knowledge of its own decline.

In the Mt. St. Helens area of Washington, recent lava flows have left exceptionally fine caves in which Sasquaches have in the past bred, and occasionally seem to at present. A company of miners working their way up into this area were subjected for a whole night to the bombardment of their cabin with huge rocks by a band of Sasquaches on the cliff above their campsite. A sasquach will attack a slowly moving car on a back road in the mountains. One night last year, south of Mt. Adams, a Sasquach rolled a camper with

its three sleeping occupants off the embankment to their deaths in a two hundred foot deep canyon. But perhaps more sinister even than the death and destruction a Sasquach can effect in its attack, is the possibility that mere seeing a Sasquach, or even a distant contact can bring untimely death.

An Indian woman and her three children were approached in the fields above their cabin by a Sasquach, and even though she tried to hide the Sasquach from the children's sight by holding a blanket up behind them as they fled, she lost all three within two years; two by drowning and one by a racking cough. She survived only a few months, and her husband, although he had not even seen the beast, but had only gone to see its tracks and the damage it had done to their cabin was killed in a logging accident within another year. A Vancouver man who was attacked and escaped only after a severe beating, was unable to hold a job afterwards, but sat around the house, distressed to be out of it and grew less and less communicative. Totally demoralized he died within the year. The doctor, mentioned above, thinking at last he had the answer in the photographs taken in Alaska died while these photographs were in the mail to be developed.

At times stolen pieces of contractor's equipment can be found in caves where the Sasquach has taken up residence: wheels, irons, gas cans, wrenches, whip saws, discarded motor parts, etc. Toying in a pile of junk, or tapping on a rining piece of metal, the animal seems to be endowed with an instinct for rhythm. Their music heard in a wild canyon, on a quiet evening can be quite beautiful, though sad.

Another solace the Sasquach characteristically develops is a urine tree fetish. An enterpriser in Seattle, cutting Christmas trees in the vicinity of Mt. Baker, unknowingly cut down one of these threes, and threw it with the lot into



his truck. The Sasquach, coming to look for the tree, and not finding it, sented it on the truck, and leaping upon it, tore the load apart, until he found his tree, which he took back with him to the place where it had been cut, and as if to replant it, jammed it back into the ground.

In the misery of its existence the Sasquach at times turns to tainted mushrooms and destroys itself in hallucinatory fits. One animal that died in this way was cut open and the mushrooms he had been eating were found growing in his joints, between the vertebrae of its backbone, and just under the skull.

Several other characteristics of the Sasquach should be mentioned for the purpose of identification. The beast has a strange faculty for healing itself if wounded. Because of this it has been difficult for hunters to kill them for trophies. The Indians of Vancouver Island resort to pitfalls to catch and rid themselves of infesting Sasquaches, burning the beast alive in the bottom of the pit. The ashes of a Sasquach thrown into the air metamorphize into a host of blood sucking mosquitoes. If the bones of a Sasquach are kept in a box in a house, the house will walk around as if it had legs like a chicken, stopping here and going ahead erratically. The funiary box of an Indian with whom a container of Sasquach bones was buried, travelled about the vicinity of the village where he had lived, until the box, at length, decayed in the weather, and its contents falling out near the river were washed away in a spring freshet.

RAVI SHANKAR

Seattle Center ARENA
JUNE 16th - At 3 P.M.



BYRON POPE

Through music people should be able to feel the true balance of the universe; that is, that man is not a master but a part. This music forces the listener to examine the truth that lies inside us all. It is not music that can be ignored; as a result, some will run from it, others feel the spiritual force at work and allow themselves to be drawn in by it.

It is precisely this quality, continually forcing people to re-examine spiritual values, that makes this music dangerous to the power structure. For if people in America change their basic values as a result of this re-examination, and turn away from violence as a means of dealing with the universe, then that is the end of the American society as we know it today, and the beginning of the age of awareness, which surely is the Golden Age.

Byron Pope

Thus spake Byron Pope, and thusly spoke his music at the University Unitarian Church last Saturday evening. Addressing itself to universal themes (This Way; Motion; Trip Star) the Byron Pope Ensemble enchanted a crowd of about 150. No one ran from the music. No one squirmed. No one shuddered. The music of the Ensemble flowed with craft and awareness of textures and rhythms. Each of the modes on the program was neatly bracketed with a complex harmonic statement by Pope on alto...framing containing a time of free improvisation by the other instrumentalists. Pianist Guilt Coleman (long lazy fingers) solos briefly and rarely, when he does his feeling of space is direct. Trombonist Ken Humphreys explores the tonalities of his instrument with care, often dissolving to substrata fog fog horn repetitions. Walter Zuber Armstrong is immense physically, a leprechaun musically, touching his piccolo rapidly, extracting fewer notes than his fingers and body indicate, high light sounds played with obvious enjoyment. Alfonso Jones on bass is always there, heavy and flexible, ending several modes with long humorous sliding notes. The drummer, Richard Harvey, punctuates, perforates, penetrates. Pope keeps close control of his instrumentalists cutting off solos gone dry or paranoid, containing the natural drive to transcend the structure of his almost classically formal arrangements. Only the fifth (and unnamed) tune broke this bracket-solo-bracket pattern, evolving from a deceptively heavy Afro rhythm to a timeless hypersonic piccolo duet with Pope and Zuber, a very spaced piano chording, a piano, bass, cymbal drift.

The group will set up residence in this area. Pope is negotiating with the University of Washington to teach the Black Music segment of the Black Studies Program. His group will be a welcome addition to the Seattle musical community.

TH

DISK REVIEW

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, Columbia (CS 9613)

The USA is sort of a disappointment-I heard; it's billed as a Family of avant-garde artists who decided to try rock, but it lacks soul. The lyrics are primarily beat-poet reflexes (putting down the Burgie-sipping topless-watchers and exhibiting the Albee faggot-zoo) with little soggy fragments of Villon and Hesse thrown in.

"Father drinks his cup of coffee

Kisses Mother on the cheek
Off to work he goes

What he does nobody knows

But he's sure to bring money home every week" isn't poetry; it's a committee of social workers explaining middle class juvenile delinquency. With the exception of "I Won't Leave My Wooden Wife For You, Sugar," the words are more effective on the back of the album; good or bad, they no more change from a superimposed poem to a song than do most of the Cream's lyrics. The music ranges from

plainsong to electronic synthesis, but somehow none of the techniques go as deep as Johnny Cash singing about Folsom Prison.

MORNING, TWO SUN NORTH, Fontana (SRA 2572)

It's basically a rather drab record: it sounds a lot like later Airplane, a little like Mamas & Papas, and moderately electronic. The group produces neither an original idiom (which can be survived--neither did Steppenwolf, whom I dig) nor any real musical/lyrical excitement (which reduces the record to floppy cockdom).

I used to dislike Dylan and I used to dislike Beatles-sometimes I change my mind about records.

GRAPE JAM (MSG 1) Columbia and Moby Grape (WOW, Columbia (CS 9613)

Jam is a record of tapes cut while Moby Grape was playing around between recording WOW (it says so on the jacket back). Three non-Grape names turn up on the album: Al Kooper, piano (of Blood Sweat & Tears, formerly of the Blues Project) Mike Bloomfield, piano (lead guitar for Electric Flag, formerly of Butterfield) and Matthew Katz, under direction of (formerly of the SF Sound). Probably my favorite cut is Marmalade (Bloomfield on piano) but most of the album

is of a piece, primarily made up of laid-back, rolling blues instrumentals (vocals are primarily limited to an "instrumental role" with lyrics snatched at random from a bag of soul phrases). It's the sort of thing that works best live, being a semi-monotonous, hypnotic base from which soloists casually wander on and off, in a "...ride you slow and easy, cause that's the way to make it last," blues. I prefer the album to WOW: listen to it loud and high.

I haven't listened to WOW quite as much as I have to JAM, but it does more pop-rock "tune" things than laid back blues, and plays several funny tricks which you can discover for yourself. The lyrics are relatively unpretentious, and some are very good. "High powered, deflowered motorcycle Irene" rides along on an edge of funky irony which is a groovy change from Tomorrow Never Knows omniscience or the apocalyptic-is-just-around-the-corner threat of White Rabbit.

REVIEWS STEVE NOONAN, Electra (EKS 74017)

I first read of Noonan in the now defunct psychedelic scavenger, CHEETAH, which depicted him as an Orange County-bred counterpart to Dylan. Ain't no way, baby...

He sings and writes lyrics-warping lines for rhyme til I wished he would try singing free verse-backed by



electric sacchrine-pop music (created by one Greg Copeland and a Jackson Browne, who also wrote some of the lyrics).

I occasionally feel that the people-me too-who have been hailing recordings as A and even THE, new medium of the wrody impulse have done lyric writing more harm than good. Instead of studying the C & W musicians and bluesmen to learn to make a real poem-song with simple tools, and then expanding (as did Dylan and Lightfoot)

Noonan, much S & G etc., seem to be revamping old high school love poems which, in Noonan's case, were revamped Philly-rock. Anyone today who can sing, straight out, a line like "Love is such a fleeting thing," is capable of button-holing people in the streets to listen to "Teen Angel." The primary difference is that Philly-rock would repeat a few bad lines over and over, Noonan writes a whole lot of weak lines, and then uses them only once.



12th ANNUAL PACIFIC N.W. SUNSHINE FREEDOM FESTIVAL
12 HOURS
CONTINUOUS MUSIC SAT. JUN. 10TH AT ALEXANDER'S RESORT, J.V. LAKE SAMMAMISH 3 BANDS



REVIEW: THE CREAM IS TROUT FISHING IN AMERICA 2001

JEAN-JACQUES LEBEL

This is turning into a revolution. The revolution we've been working towards and pushing for, in desperation, for more than ten years. At last the spark has caught the wick. When I say "we all have been working" I mean ALL the non-stalinist nuances on the extreme-left.

Here is an attempt to define the forces behind the past week's revolutionary activity:

The U.E.C. (Communist Student Union) cut itself off from the revolutionary action because of its own stale dogmatism. The Communist paper, "l'Humanite" made things clear by insulting Cohn-Bendit and other "anarchist" student leaders since the first days of the insurrection.

At a sit down on Boulevard St. Michel, Aragon (the communist "poet" who was sent to try to infiltrate us) was shouted down, told to go to Budapest and that he and his party were counter-revolutionaries. They nevertheless are trying to channel the student revolutionary movement, and twist it into a power lever for their own parliamentary aims.

The C.L.E.R. and F.E.R. (Trotskyist students); their paper is REVOLTES. The slower and more dogmatic of the live forces involved less inclined to merge within the other groups but nevertheless actively present on the Street scene. They have a disciplined organization of about 2,000 militants.

The J.C.R. (also Trotskyist but of another faction) extremely active, their paper is AVANT-GARDE. They provoked the general merger by turning their last meeting at the Mutualite into a general discussion and coalition of all the revolutionary groups. Representatives from the German S.D.S. and the Dutch, Spanish and Italian youth movements were there. Strong and passionate avant-garde militants.

The Pro-Chinese; their paper SERVIR LE PEUPLE. Few militant, active mostly within the CGT (Communist Union) as a disruptive force.

U.N.E.F., Student Union. Bureaucratic and lukewarm, trailing behind its most active militants, trying to slow things down, in the movement, but not as the avant-garde.

Le 22 Mars: (a coalition of Guevarists, Anarchists and Trotskyites from the Nanterre Faculty). The most active, determined and spontaneously revolutionary force in the movement. It has many leaders and dynamos. The bourgeois and stalinist press picked out one of them, Cohn-Bendit, and made him famous by insulting and slandering him.

LE 22 MARS

A handful of them began to take over the Nanterre faculty by stopping lectures, interrupting the routine and propagandizing. When the police came to arrest them, 1,000 students came to their rescue and the movement was born. (They became the militants of the insurrection forces). Permanent and global denouncing of the power structure, of all bureaucratic authority, of every single alienating institution (from State to University) and permanent call to action. No bureaucratic organization, plurality of leaders, no "experience" but a tremendous dynamism and improvisatory genius. "Taking advantage" of the explosive situation its militants have created in Nanterre and at the Sorbonne to push for a creative insurrection.

Wednesday 8th, 35,000 students, workers and intellectuals marched from the Science Faculty to the Place du Luxembourg. Screaming "Liberez nos camarades", "A bas l'Etat Policier", "De Gaulle responsable", "Etudiants, Ouvriers, un seul combat" and upon passing the Theatre de France: "Pas dans la salle, dans la rue" — meaning get up off your ass, you "spectators" and participate, the only revolutionary theatre is in the streets.

But instead of fighting and re-occupying the Sorbonne, like at least 8 or 10,000 demonstrators wanted to, the U.N.E.F., stopped and shut the whole thing off.

At least 8,000 armed police occupying the Sorbonne area. From then on the revolutionary groups realize they must push beyond the student bureaucracy,

THE BLACK FLAG

Special French Shock Police paralyzed at the Barricades by Guevaraist student terror weapon... The Moire Dot Caster.

Thursday 9th: J.C.R. meeting at Mutualite regrouping all the revolutionary forces, 4,000 present, mostly extremely aware and ready for action.

FRIDAY

Friday 10th: 10 A.M. Meeting at Nanterre of the 22 Mars militants. (The faculty closed by government was reopened that day). A class on NIETZSCHE is interrupted by militants who demand participation in General Strike. We take over the chair from the professor who is obliged to close his class. The S.N.E.S. sup. (Professor's union) decides upon general strike too and will refuse to participate in any exam or class until all jailed demonstrators are freed.

Boycott of exams and disruption of University. Occupation of all University property across France (in many cities: Stasbourg, Caen Lyon etc., it is happening) not ONLY to "reform" the structure of the class University but to destroy it and the State as well.

The teacher says "at least the insurrection has allowed prof and students to make contact and fight together in the streets against police" (he is cheered).

6:30 P.M.: At place Denfert-Rochereau demonstration called by U.N.E.F. 22 Mars collects 20,000 people, blocking traffic for 3 KMS. The mob is asked by Cohn-Bendit and other leaders where it wants to go. It decides upon the Prison de la Sante, the Ministry of Justice then the O.R.T.F. While marching at least 5 or 6,000 more join in. We circle around from the Sante prison defended by thousands of armed police to Maubert towards right bank or O.R.T.F.. By very clever strategy and disposal of police, we are forced to turn up the Boul. St. Michel instead of down St. Germain. This was our big mistake, not to push through there. We realized later we were then falling into a trap. The enormous demonstration was halted at the place du Luxembourg and Boul. St. Michel by gigantic Police forces — we were to be encircled by police.

Midnight: 22 Mars militants begin to dig up cobblestones. Some UNEF people and bystanders try to stop us. Dean of University asks to see representatives, of profs and students. Cohn Bendit and 4 others go to see him, come out an hour later saying "Nothing happened."

Decision is taken to occupy the Latin Quarter pacifically, not to provoke police but to defend ourselves if attacked. This was followed to the very end. Barricades were defenses and all participants merely defended themselves from police attacks. We just wanted to hold the Quartier Latin to show police who had been occupying the Sorbonne for 5 days that they had to leave.

It must be clear (regardless of Police and TV lies) that what happened on this historical night was totally improvised; no direction, no preparation, not even any coordination. It was a spontaneous explosion for which we supplied an outlet, that's all. (French television has been insulting and disgustingly untruthful in its reporting).

(Europe's: No. 1 Radio reported that "more than 60" barricades were built in different streets). Women, workers, bystanders, people in pyjamas, etc... human chains to carry rocks, wood, iron. A tremendous movement is started.

Our group, most have never even seen the others before, is composed of 6 students, 10 workers, some Italians, bystanders and 4 artists who joined later. We never even knew each other's names but organized the barricade at angle of rue Gay Lussac and St. Jacques.

One hundred people help carry the stuff and pile it across the street. From then on I was so busy coordinating work at our barricade that I don't know what happened elsewhere down on place Luxembourg or down rue Gay-Lussac. But witnesses say it all happened at the same time and more or less in the same way all over the Quartier Latin.

BARRICADE

Our barricade is double: one meter high row of cobble-stones, an empty space, then a 3 meter high pile of wood, cars metal, etc... Armament: stones, metal, etc. found in street. Of course, majority of people simply look on.

We organize a cordon to keep photographers and bystanders away from us (some writers and painters recognize me and offer to help and carry stones — can't name them without their consent) — mostly spontaneous help from inhabitants of nearby houses who offer water, sugar and cloth against gasses and warn us of police movements.

We continue building up barricades, organizing supply of rocks, medical centers every 100 meters. I try to coordinate runners between different barricades near ours (rue d'Ulm, de l'Estrapade etc...) but we lack time and are caught by attacks before we can coordinate.

Practically no news from other points of our territory. Someone finds a French flag, we tear off blue and white part — red flag now floats over our barricade. I am told many red and black flags floated on other barricades.

In front of us we turn over cars to prevent police from charging with their buses and tanks (radio said tanks were coming but we never saw any) It also said 15 thousand workers were on the way to help us from St. Denis but were surrounded by army.

(They never materialized either although a great many workers were already helping us to construct barricades).

LE CHEINLIT

I must insist again that the general mood was defensive, not offensive: we just wanted to hold the place like an entrenched sit-down strike. If we had not been savagely attacked there would not have been violence at all.

After police riot last Monday (805 wounded) it was the least we could do to hold our ground: the Quartier Latin.

Police attack on place du Luxembourg. Their tactics are simple: at 100 meters distance they hurl gas grenades by rifle, which blind, suffocate and knock us out. This gas is supposed to be MACE (Vietnam and Detroit MACE).

Also small explosive grenades (one student near us picked one up to throw it back, it tore his whole hand off) tear gas and phosphorus grenades.

From the start our defense is courageous. Later we find that practically every barricade withstood police at least an hour, sometimes 4 hours, regardless of blinding and suffocating gases.

At the end of resistance, if police grenades have not yet set fire to the barricade, we set it on fire ourselves to retard their advance. They are slowly advancing up Gay-Lussac. Crowds are running away. We have a hard time calming them down and channeling them towards exit down Gay-Lussac where police are fewer.

But then police attack at 3 points simultaneously: At 2 extremities of Gay-Lussac, at our barricade and at rue d'Ulm. Casualties are heavy on our side mostly of people knocked unconscious by gas, some blinded.

Thousands of voices scream together: "De Gaulle assassin," "liberez nos camarades," "Revolution," "A bas l'Universite bourgeoise," etc... Some make Molotov Cocktails. I try to dissuade them for fear of police massacre, not so much of us but of thousands of onlookers, just standing there, fascinated.

HIGH REVOLT

Of course, the general feeling is of trance. We are high, higher than on a psychovitamin trip, high of Great Marriage of our creative subconscious poetic energies and of the revolutionary collective consciousness, high like coming out of the long nothingness which was being caught in the fascist structure, high of having surpassed our egos at last and flowing into a vast electric current, high like zombies suddenly turned into human beings and saying "WE EXIST, WE ARE ALIVE"

A Vietnamese student is with us. We all scream "VENCEREMOS" as cops attack. The Vietnamese is incredibly heroic, unconscious trance, grabs red flag and leads us into cops thru gas and grenades.

To our utter surprise we outnumber cops and they retreat. Crowds behind us cheer wildly. We come back behind our barricade, only one slightly wounded.

But gasses are our worst enemy. We can't breathe. We can't see. Finally we are forced back. Our barricade burns.

At this point all I can remember is that I fainted from lack of air. I come to in a corridor. Two girls slapping my face and putting wet cloth on my eyes. Water is only thing that helps. They tell me a student carried me there.

I look outside. Police are everywhere. Our barricade across the street burning. Yellow gas fumes are so thick you can't see.

I try to run out, thinking to rejoin our forces further down but police are charging from both sides with grenades and sticks. We are cornered.

We organize inside building. At least 60 students, some wounded. Others faint. Try to barricade door. Some desperately ring door bells; nobody dares answer.

We crowd staircase. Police arrive, break down door. Grab a few and beat them to a pulp. Throw 3 gas grenades in staircase which are murder to our lungs and eyes. Police leave to come back later.

A girl on second floor tells us to come in. We crowd in like sardines in her apartment. She very nicely provides water. Outside: explosions, explosions, explosions.

6 o'clock: Still fighting outside. We all vote to call Red Cross because one of us is bleeding badly. We are scared of Red Cross because they sometimes turn us into the police. But other times they protect us; you never know.

It is a fact that many Red Cross workers who tried to help wounded or faint students were also beaten by police. (See LE Monde for details of this and of police armament, gas, etc...)

The police are searching house by house, room by room. Anybody with black hands, gas spots on clothes (gas attacks leather) or wounds is beaten and arrested. (More than 500 arrested in all).

We 60 decide to leave together in case we have to fight our way down the street. Helmets are given to girls. Sun is up. We run: what a sight!!! Smoking barricades everywhere, overturned cars, street unpaved for half a kilometre. Painted words on walls: Vive la Commune du 8 Mai, A BAS L'ETAT POLICIER. etc...

I can't help it, I run over to see if our barricade still stands, deserted. Some onlookers, stunned, watch unbelievable sight of empty battlefield. This rue Gay Lussac was ours all night till about 4:30 or 5 A.M. OURS.

I ask a student for a piece of his dirty red shirt. We tie it to a stick, put it back on our barricade and run. Police are charging on other side of street, I can hardly walk from pain.

TORTURE

We circle around to rue d'Ulm. There the police are arresting everybody including those in medical center. Barricades and cars smoking on every street and every corner. Passerby worn us where police are; people in cars and taxis volunteer to take us out of police zone. We pass thus in front of enormous police buses full of our troops taken prisoner. It's all over, for today.

Noon: I take train to Tours, for a meeting with local groups to coordinate action there on Monday. We publish leaflets for Monday. We must be ready for next big confrontation.

Combat headline: 45,000 Students held the Latin Quarter.* That is exaggerated; we were 20,000.

Police are everywhere, hundreds still being arrested in streets. First word about police brutality: many students beaten to a pulp after being arrested. Approximately 400 students hospitalized and about 1,500 wounded outside hospitals.

At Police Commissariat of 5th arrondissement police break both arms of 3 students and torture other ones with nails and knives. Red Cross doctors told us many police were drunk, stinking of alcohol.

(The letter ended here)

SON OF THE BIG BANDS.




CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN



INCLUDING:
I LOVE YOU MORE THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW
I CAN'T QUIT HER/SOMETHIN' GOIN' ON
HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY

CS 9619 STEREO *

The big-band sound is back.
Except this time it's electric.
With big arrangements and big sound.
Organized by Al Kooper and
Steve Katz (of the Blues Project).
With brass and strings and
little children and animal sounds
and other things.
The Underground Groove
on Columbia Records 

*Also available on 4-track and 8-track stereo tape cartridges

Disrupt system

Across his buttocks he--or someone--had "hand-painted" a large-lettered RESIST; and over one hemisphere of his chest "hell no" and over the other "don't go." Just so the SS physician had his examining disrupted.

Some reasons/excuses for provo/anarchist activities of DR-S: (1) Many feel that the most effective way to force a restructuring of American institutions will be to develop disruptive tactics. (2) Exciting, colorful exhibitions of free men demonstrating their imaginative contempt for this pre-packaged authoritarian society can be very effective radicalizing examples. (3) Many sympathetic to the resistance are, understandably, not effective organizers. Organizing people is, after all, at least one step away from being people. And that is the beauracrat's talent. So many of these are very talented at provoist displays. (4) Doing a provo thing gives one a sense of satisfaction not unlike that felt by a successful guerilla sabatour (it's fun). This is not responsible--i.e. ineffective--dissent.

HIGH SCHOOL

High School students are especially excited by a little disruption. During resistance week DR-S was tipped off to a Military Day assembly at Shorecrest High and so was asked to disrupt it. A Viet Cong--about to die--two soldiers with toy machine guns, and a leafleting squad showed up at the beginning of the assembly to do a short guerilla theatre, throw a special Resistance Week leaflet into the audience, and then split on the run. They were stopped just short of the gym by thirty taunt teachers and administrators. A large hassle ensued which required a hasty retreat before they could perform as "scheduled." But it is in the nature of such actions that the "unscheduled" disruptions work just as well or even better. By the time DR-S had left the scene hundreds of students were looking on indulging and delighting in this unexpected excitement and flashing the victory-for-peace sign in gratitude. At Roosevelt High School three DR-S members sauntered in with their own counter-table which they set up next to a Marine recruiter. After another big hassle the administration finally conceded to letting an AFSC representative have a table for a day. At Renton High School the principal blew it when he tried to grab DR-S leaflets from the hands of those courageous leafleteers. After failing and insisting that Renton had a law "against leafleting" he called the police. A crowd of hundreds listened as the Resistance tried to inform the hassled administrator about constitutional rights, moral obligations, high school irrelevancy etc. Students sympathized. They collected bail money in the event that the leafleteers were arrested and even grabbed leaflets to pass out inside. Such actions have much the same effect on the more imaginative, life-willing H.S. students as those other "political" performances: indiscriminate milling at a Be-In, listening to the Fish, blowing a little boo. These represent a colorful life-style alternative which they emotionally conceive of as being "where it's at."

Provo confrontations have also been made directly with the SS officials and the Induction Center. Mill-Ins, at which participants line up to see their files, ask for CO forms, ask a lot of questions of their cuboid clerks, can tie up the SS office for several hours. On such occasions the authorities--SS--keep in constant touch with the authorities--FBI--but, of course, they have no authority: you may line-up and ask questions. When General Waste-more-land was in town DR-S took him for a visit to the local SS offices. The effect was to restore the lately cliched meaning of "blow their minds." Their minds were, in effect, all over the floor. They had the FBI after him trying to arrest him for impersonating an officer. Another DR-S member submitted a large plastic bag full of cold chili for his file. Again, "they" had the FBI down taking pictures of it.

The Inductions Center is a particularly favorite target for live Resistance graffiti. Little guerilla theater skits in which a bunch of freaks run through the halls at opening-time: 6:30am. This amounts to a little mind-death for those encamped in that bastion of the world's most powerful military force: sergeants fumbling over desk-tops trying to chase them out.

DR-S has a few suggestions on how the "general public" can also help in these celebrations.

YOU

- (1) Whenever out of town send changes of address to your board.
- (2) If you're morphologically ineligible for the draft because of a soft billowing curvature of the chest and yet have a boy's name--like Randi, Bobby, Robin, George, Terry, etc.--send letters to the SS stating your refusal to register for the draft.
- (3) Appeal all reclassifications; apply for CO and appeal denials.
- (4) Drop in on your local board and ask to see your file. Do it often. Bring your friends. Bring transistor radios. Go down with a cold.
- (5) Phone the SS office from a pay phone and leave the phone off the hook.
- (6) Send all postage due.
- (7) Fill your file with correspondence, documents, the Bible--anything. They have to take it. Be the first one on your block with a whole file cabinet to yourself.

Whether these and similar tactics could overload the bureaucracy or significantly add to the expense of maintaining the system is doubtful. But, just the act of harassment and the fact of having ones dissenting-resisting presence continually felt is important for psychological reasons. But it is just possible that when the great masses of Americans can see/feel at every turn free men in imaginative revolt, then the straight lines of their rectangular urban sprawling will bend a bit and fly.

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• 6103 DAYTON N.
• SEATTLE, WN.
SU 4 - 3512

ACLU in Yakima

(From Helix Vol. I No. 10, Sept. 1st 1967)

"...Mrs. Elsie Walters 28, smiles nervously revealing decayed teeth. Her four month old son lies in his crib. Over the crib is a shelf which serves as a cupboard. It is empty except for two cans of baby formula obtained from camp volunteer workers. He has been coughing all night. She doesn't know if he has a temperature, since no thermometer is available. Her three year old daughter was taken to the hospital last night. Mrs. Walters doesn't know what's the matter, since she hasn't heard from the hospital yet.

A small boy appears at the door, uncomfortable with strangers. He calls to 5 year old Bobby Walters to come outside. The small boy's face is blotched by infectious impetigo.

Flies swarm over a row of uncovered garbage cans. The cans are full containing mostly newspapers, candy wrappers and bags and boxes carefully torn open to yield

the staple foods which they formerly held. Less than a yard beyond the last garbage can, an iron water tap (the camp's water supply) drips steadily onto the concrete apron. Dysentery and diarrhea are common."

Most first-hand accounts coming out of last-year's Yakima Valley migrant workers crisis sounded like "work in progress" for some naturalistic novel. Then, when the harvest was late and some 8000 migrant workers swelled into the valley because of crop failures in other parts of the country, even the most righteous of the fruit entrepreneurs were admitting that a "problem existed." But with the flood of cheap labor they responded by cutting wages, neglecting the crowded camps and perpetuating the annual exploitation that for the worker means unequal treatment in almost all matters.

Last year The Basic Needs Co. and the Helix concentrated on delivering food-stuffs, clothing and medicine to the Ahtanum Camp: one of the largest of over 100 migrant labor camps. We must have made half a thousand phone calls to local food distributors, drug stores, and clothing wholesalers requesting donations. Then we kept the trucks and mini-bus caravans going back and forth between the two cities. But this and other such potluck gestures offered nothing more than symptomatic relief from the pains of moral indigestion suffered in the clogged bowels of the establishments chromed machinery. Now that another fructive summer will cycle-in the same old story and the poverty and neglect that will follow the men and their families that do the picking--we have been forewarned. The ACLU has nearly completed plans for setting up a nine week pilot project in the Yakima valley designed to aid and inform the workers regarding their legal and related rights.

However... The project is fine on paper, and there are volunteers. But, there are no funds. So all that follows in epitome of the project should be considered by the 20,000 readers who have followed this far as an appeal for anything from 1 to 5 dollars mailed to:

YAKIMA PILOT PROJECT c/o ACLU
2101 Smith Tower
Seattle, Wash.

The project is designed to make an attack at the root causes of Poverty. The project team will involve lawyers--donating their time except for expenses--Law students, one legal secretary, one anthropologist and medical students. Besides offering as much legal aid to the migrant-workers as possible plans include running discussion groups on rights and developing hard-core civil liberties test cases involving matters such as the right to vote, workers compensation and equal treatment by local institutions: i.e., the police and the courts. The "one anthropologist"--One Marilyn Kraus, will make a study of the number and nature of all city, county and state programs of assistance which relate to the needs of the migrants. Frequently, the discrimination that occurs in the outer-offices of the government bureaucracies is as insidious a perpetrator of poverty as the defrauding habits of the growers. (A grower will say, "All right, your wage is \$1.50 an hour, but I'll take out 10 cents of this and then at the end of harvest give you a 10% bonus. That means you get \$1.54." Then on the last day of harvest, the worker will be fired.")

The project is to run nine weeks, from July 1st through Aug. 31st. The amount of money that's needed isn't all that much: about \$5000. Because, of our involvement last summer in all of this we feel especially excited about the possibility of enthusing you enough to make happen what usually doesn't happen through paper-appeals. That is, very simply and exactly, send some money along.

Insurrection Is Festival

(this extraordinary passage is from an article by Edgar Morin, leading French sociologist, published last week in the very respectable Le Monde Hebdomadaire)

The original thing about this "juvenile commune" is its dimension of PERMANENT GAME. Not the rowdy schoolboy game, which very quickly ran its course, but the festival game culminating in that great euphoric parade across Paris -- and, in a more intimate way, the guerrilla game, the planetary game, in the sense that at last events allowed people to mime seriously (all great games are serious mime) the barricades of French history and Che's guerrillas.

This game, certainly, is masked by ideology; but at the same time you can admit to a friend that you're having a ball.

There were also games in the strategic sense of the word, with problems of terrain, of offensive, of coordination. Real risks, including the risk of death, identify it as a real game. And that is where the game dimension gets reversed into its opposite -- the deadly serious. Because it is also with total seriousness -- that is, with faith in their solidarity and their action -- that young people fought, that they wanted to instruct their world and the world.

You can see the transition from the playful to the serious to the tragic all on Friday night Barricades rose in ecstasy, were built in joy. An entire generation strove to gobble up epic and bloody real history, history of revolutions, of just and heroic causes still burning in Vietnam and in Latin America, a history of which they had been deprived.

The rites of passage, in the ancient forest, consisted of a confrontation with evil, terrifying spirits. The French police played this role, and in so doing provided a true initiation into adult life, that is, into the cruelty and bestiality of the world. But it went even further than that for thousands of young people; for them this week has been an initiation into social life, a true socialization...

Thus the great festival of youthful solidarity, the great game that is the revolution, these have been for each individual participant an entrance examination into society....

DO YOU KNOW THIS DOG??

INFORMATION LEADING TO THE FINDING OF THIS DOG IS WORTH THE OWNERS GOOD GRACES. If informed call helix -- ea 2 0443



& Cary Grant

LOTUS AMONG THE METAL EATERS.....

part 3

(In the last issue Elmer "Precious" Lotus, retired dealer, met and finally escaped from the Evil Meth-Am Krystal Kween. Now, sick & tired of being sick & tired, he leaves his wife and firstborn son and goes out to seek a new life.)

Kennedy

Months, nay, years of patient casework and study have finally resulted in the State of Washington filing a suit against the Real Estate firm of Don F. Kennedy, and his cohorts: John R. Kennedy and Earle E. Veirs, alleging a restraint of trade and false business practices in refusing to rent or sell property to Blacks. The Kennedy firm has been under long surveillance by such groups as the U of W Graduate Student Senate and the Office of Economic Opportunity. Largely through their efforts of documentation and observation, the evidence needed to press charges against the unpopular firm. The suit alleges that the Kennedy firm has engaged in a conspiracy in restraint of trade by refusing equal rights to Blacks at least since 1956. If found guilty each defendant must forfeit \$25,000 and refrain from further violations. This is the first suit of its kind to be filed in the country. The prosecution will be handled by William Dwyer.

Elmer Lotus chose the road
But just before he left he showed
A letter, which he'd written, to his wife.

"Give this to my eldest boy
When Law first tromps upon his joy,
For herein are explained the Facts of Life."

The marijuana laws, my son,
Are there, you see, because someone
Was frightened of the GNP declining.

He authorized the Man to bust
Each & every fiend he finds (that's us),
For supine figures frustrate his designing.

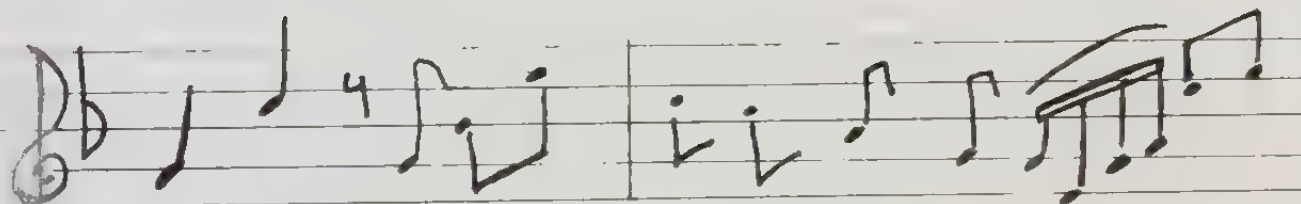
He's read all about Hasan
and understands how hashish can
Lead to psychoses and homicidal slaughter,

Foul disease and squinty eyes
(Far increased libido size)
and besides a dealer stole his daughter.

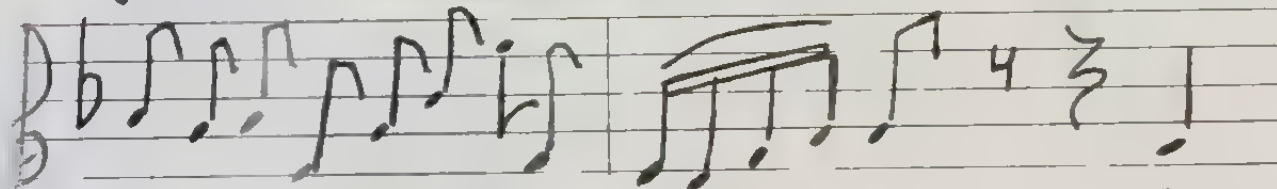
He's terrified of painted cars
and despises all guitars,
His only music is the siren's wail.

And his heart can never feel
The world is really safe for Real
Til your father is environed by a jail.

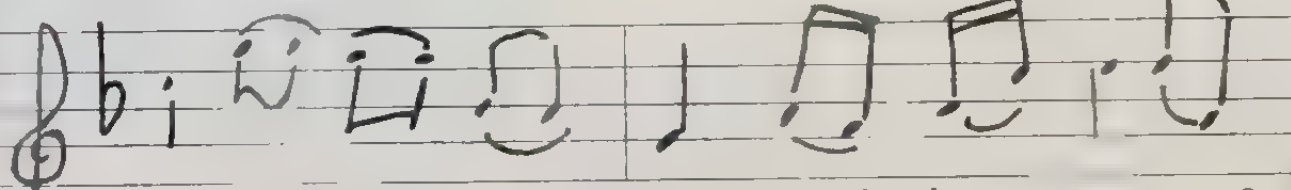
One May, I Think As Well As Not



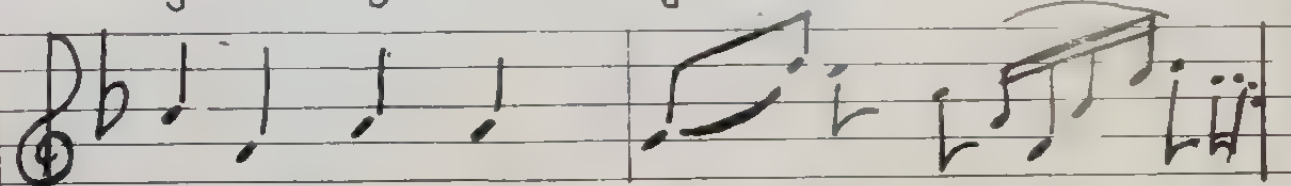
One May I think as well as not smoke pot though
- qui-la may square the pear shaped note in the



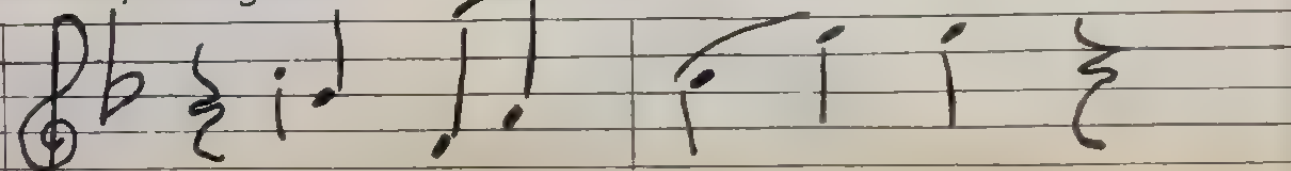
bourbon wine & other drinks may rot the
throat of the diva I be-lieve a



mo-vals li-ver kid-neys & brain of
gen-tle joke and a qui-et toke is not



those who long with Bac-chus have lain and Te-
(2ND Ending) wrong when the smoke is of pi-ous sa-ti-va



long sa-cred to shi-va!



(upon being told by John Reynolds of the traditional relationship between the Hindu God of change/destruction and Cannabis.) Dump Truck Baby (rewrite musical Manuscript)

Hoover

J. Edgar Hoover asked a House subcommittee for \$207.5 million dollars during secret testimony made available recently. The FBI director told the congressional committee that SNCC, the Revolutionary Action Movement, and the Black Muslims were a "distinct threat to the internal security of the nation." Hoover said that new left organizations like SDS represent "a new type of subversion and their danger is great."

ing of any portion thereof below the top of the nipple, or the depiction of covered male genitals in a discernably turgid state." The need to write obscenity ordinances is just another obscenity.

Yours with vision,
P. Dorpat
Paul Dorpat

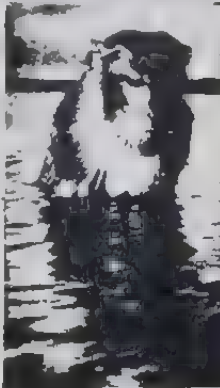
That section that bothered Commissioner Spellman a bit reads like this... "SECTION 4. Presumptions. Any person who engages in the conduct prescribed (i.e. gives or sells to a minor something which is indecent and yet has utterly no redeeming social importance ed. note) is presumed to do so with knowledge of the character and content of the materials sold or loaned, or the motion picture, show or presentation exhibited or to be exhibited." Thus, for the bookseller to properly defend himself against arrest he will have had to read all the books in his shop and have passed "critical" judgment upon them regarding their social content as defined by the ordinance. This is, clearly, an unreasonable request. But keeping the section in the ordinance means the bookseller has a criminal case in his hands. Take it out and the case becomes a civil one. I.E. The book, film or whatever is taken into court and judged or not judged obscene, indecent, etc. and then taken from or left on the shelves with no sanctions against the bookseller, only the book. This, of course, is a gentler justice for it means no burning the man but the book. (Before the infamous ID BUST detectives perused the books they later busted before the clerks asking them to respond with licentious leers. Then, later in court, they could point the dirty finger.)

All legal language is finally fictive language. That is, it is born of moral perspective and the limits and sanctions it sets are always arbitrary. Yet in matters of survival since bodies more or less bleed we have good reason to work within the limitations of those legal fictions. Surely you would not want to have your hand cut off for stealing somebody's peacock feathers. Nor would you want a killer—one who is fascinated with killing and further likes to kill and does kill with the exception of soldiers—loose to kill you or any brother of yours. So having decided it is good to be alive you lock him up, and having decided peacock feathers are not as valuable as hands you have yours slapped. And that you call "justice." And so you are happy to have a body to do what you will with your mind... and your body too. That's your business; your conscience; your morality. But there are "those others" who would ever extend those legal limits to include their own peculiar morality. And it is these who would make of morality a battlefield where the loot to be won is legal loot—new laws—; those who would always confuse legal and moral diction; it is these you must periodically be on the lookout for.

P.S. Now, dear councilmen, since you're legislators and it is your employment to make new laws you are particularly vulnerable to that confusion. In fact, one is almost obligated to suspect that since you sought that office you might even take exceptional delight in that confusion. And now if this is in fact the case, then one warning which is offered without an ounce of power to push behind it: Do not confuse your own masturbatory fantasizing of order and the clean life with the redemption that exists in the expansive human body and in the imagination that follows and even guides its esemplastic delights. Perhaps you are jealous of your children's fantasies. Of their curiosity. And are none of your "literary merits" turned-on, or your "redeeming social merits" graciously plotting after ripe flesh? Dirty pictures don't set a man or a child out after rape. They are the sacred icons that guide the masturbators fantasies like hooks into the dark pit in search of the dark mother. So an obscenity ordinance is a masturbators fantasy: an erected eye making reflections on its mother.



GERMAN PRISONER



FRUSTRATED MONKEY



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is that Law which places the welfare and the concern and the feelings for others above self

The Law of Love is that close affinity with all forces that you associate with as good

The Law of Love is that force which denies the existence of evil in the world, that results not evil

Cosmic Awareness

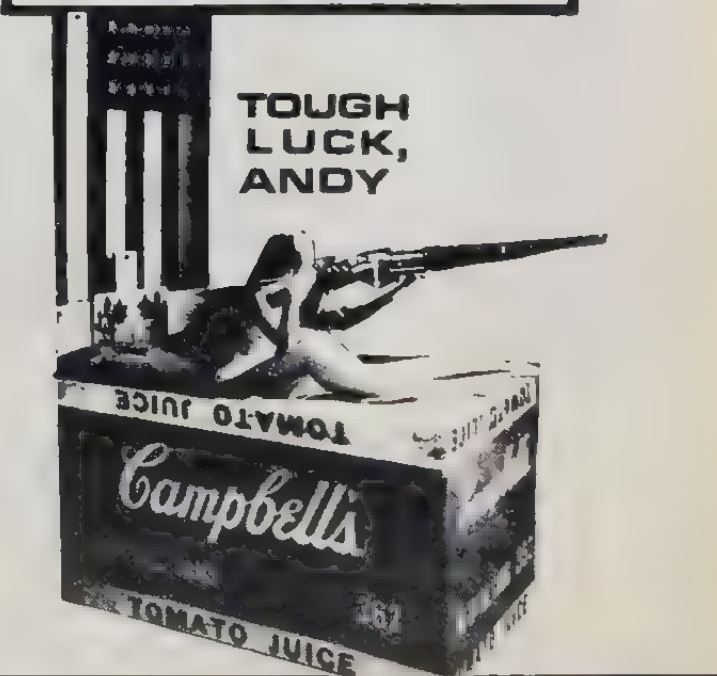
A unique group of aware people, using 138 symbols in their meditations, communicate directly with Cosmic Awareness for enlightenment. This world wide organization, directed by Cosmic Awareness, is founded on the Law of Love, which is the Law of One dedicated to the brotherhood of man. A free brochure is yours for the asking

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*
KEEP
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GREEN



OUR FIRST MESSAGE FROM ALPHA FIVE

In the interests of keeping our readers abreast of the world HEDX has recently sent several reporters to France, Sweden, Denmark, and Morocco. The identities of these international sleuths will remain anonymous for their missions contain an element of self-preservation as well as cultural absorption. The first reports from our overseas correspondents are just now coming in; so take it away Alpha Five:

Stockholm: Stockholm University administration building taken May 30 in a seizure by leftists students protesting the existing government (Social Democratic...which means high taxes 20-30-50% depending upon wages), and also the school for introducing a plan forcing students to take courses only in their major area...in other words, the school dictates what the students may or may not study. The seizure fizzled out after two days when the students asked workers to join them. The

workers replied: "Do you even know what work is?" The whole scene is a miniature French revolt, getting its guts from the French example. One student said to me "Just like in Paris."

Sweden has one of the highest standards of living in the world, but the taxes and the Govt. also controls housing and does not encourage private land investment in housing... there is a tremendous shortage of housing. For a regular type house in the Stockholm area, apartment dwellers must wait 7 to 10 years for their application to be filled. A waiting line of 50,000 exists. This situation is brought about in part by the influx of non-city people into the city. Sweden is going suburban-metropolitan.

Copenhagen: Smoked hashish with Provo's, rehearsing guerilla theatre for protest against police brutality, war in Vietnam, and American Imperialism, which is a real problem over

here. Approximately 20% or more of European business is controlled by Americans. It's hard to tell exactly because much of it is through European businessmen, backed by the American dollar. As Americans fear world domination by the Communists, so these people fear European domination by the Americans.

The American tourist here is mainly an egotistical bitch-bastard, and you don't have to look too hard to see why impressions of America for Europeans may not be good.

Stockholm: --is the closest thing I've seen to a 1984 type of society. There is no such thing as a First Ave, but the people are basically unfriendly. They imagine themselves to be above a "Desolation Row" life, way of life, attitudes, and make themselves sterile and more of a "Nowhere Man", scene. I saw very few happy faces in Stockholm, or all of Sweden. Only photographs would do justice to what I'm trying to say here.

stereo

realization
johnny rivers

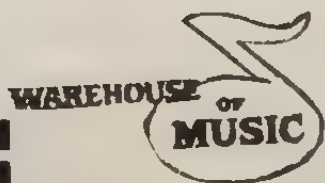


JOHNNY RIVERS' "REALIZATION"

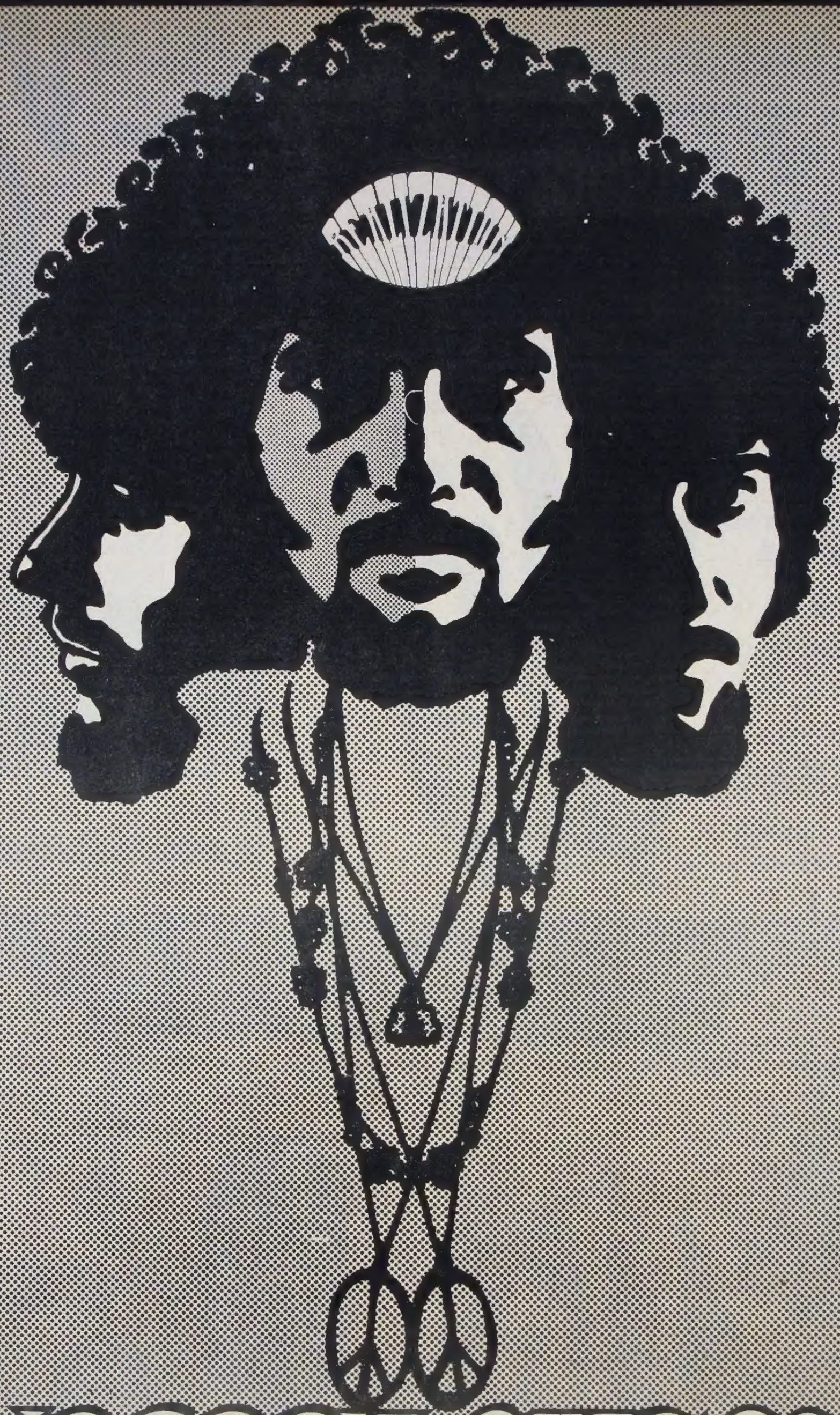
AVAILABLE AT..

WAREHOUSE OF

421
PIKE



MUSIC




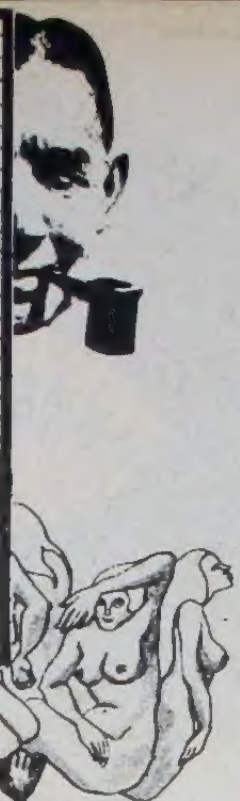
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Want live-in babysitter. Room-board, compensation. Call Gloria, EA 4-1791 after 6:30pm.

DIRECT IMPORT FROM INDIA Incense bells, clothings, musical instruments etc. Dealers enquiry invited. Indiacrafts, Box 853 San Francisco, 415-391-2408.

3 bedroom furnished house available June 6 til Aug. 21st \$300 with utilities. Across from Lincoln park, West Seattle WE7-4905.

At Last THE COMPLETE PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING MANUAL! Make Strobes, Light Machines, Color Organs, Black Lite etc. with easy instruction and diagrams. Send \$2 - Lightray, 713A Pine, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Wanted live-in babysitter. Room-board plus \$70.00 a month. Must be a girl. 916 Yale North Apt. 7C.

Amiable Young man looking for chick 21-25 to help keep house. Secluded pad near mountains, 45 minutes from Seattle. Free Room-board, many fringe benefits if you like fun and games, swimming, sunshine, etc. No kids please. TU 6-2986. Collect before 11am or Write Box 66 Palmer, Wash. 98048.

Wanted: Hip cat for husband by girl who is splitting unhappy home situation. Divorce will be granted later if wanted. Call UL 2-7585--ask for Soul Sue.



HELIX-KRAB are making plans for a late august LIGHTER THAN AIR FESTIVAL and benefit for the central area. But we need a big open place out of town. Do you know of one...?



1ST ANNUAL PACIFIC N. W. SUNSHINE FREEDOM FESTIVAL 12 HOURS CONTINUOUS MUSIC. 3 BANDS RON HOLDEN AND UNKNOWN FACTOR THE TAO-CHEMICAL CO. THE TIME LAPSE BEAUTY? CONTEST SAT. JUNE 8TH AT ALEXANDERS RESORT ON LAKE SAMMAMISH. MUD BATH

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ACT Theater

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\$3.00 per session,
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& more

House sale fete--have flipped and leaving all my shit like stuffed bears, feet, pots, paints, plants, outrageous furniture, head good, dirty things etc. Your one chance to get me out of town is here. Sat. Sun. June 8th & 9th 10 am to midnight. Who knows may be another orgy. Rod Burton, 219-1/2 S. Wash. St. in old Seattle.

Transmigration of 2-1/2 yr. old twins? 10 days? ME 2-7508 Leave circa June 15. \$30.

At the Cream show last week the top of my Sun amplifier was misplaced and I'm desperate. If you have any idea where it is, please return it to the Helix office where no questions will be asked. Thank you--Bob Rueber, Time Machine.

Want girl to drive with me to Mexico and back. Leave in one week. Call EA5-6104 this Sunday only, 8PM or after 21 or over.

House sale fete. Have flipped and leaving all my shit like 28 stuffed bears feet, pots, paints, plants, OUTRAGEOUS FURNITURE, head goods, dirty things etc. Your one chance to get me out of town is here. Sat. Sun. June 8th 9th 10:00 AM to Midnight. Who knows? MAY BE ANOTHER ORGY!!! Rod Burton 219 1/2 S. Washington St. in old Seattle

Transmigration of 2 1/2 year old twins? 10 days? ME2-7508. Leave Circa June 15 \$30

HELP!!! Grad students need house to do our thing. ME2-1504

CAROL, THE OUTASIGHT CHICK THAT SEWS ALL OUR OUTASIGHT CLOTHES, JUST MADE UP A BATCH OF INDIA PRINT ROBES, AND SOME AFRICAN STYLE SHIRTS. WE'VE ALWAYS GOT A LARGE SELECTION OF NEHRU THINGS FOR GUYS, AND LITTLE SUMMER THINGS FOR GIRLS----- AFTER CRAPPING ON THE PRICES CHARGED BY OTHER SHOPS FOR SO-CALLED "HANDMADE" CLOTHES CHECK OURS OUT. THE'RE PRICED LOW AND THE QUALITY IS HIGH--- BLACKLIGHTS AND EVERYTHING FLOURESCENT.----- ALL HEAD PARAPHENALIA FOR THE SMOKER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! AMERICAN DREAM BLACKLIGHT CO. 4743 BROOKLYN II III 1-9 PM USUALY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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Brand-new...from Reader's Digest...
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